魔法少女育成計画

episodes

遠藤浅蜊
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Illustration
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Natural Girl Raising Project

MF文庫J
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著作権保護コンテンツ

「著作権保護コンテンツ」

ジェルナー・クリスマス
「ありがとね！　トモキ！」
「いやあ、大したことじゃ」
「トモキが大人になったら
ファミリーに入れてあげるね！」

「著作権保護コンテンツ」

「後は任せる」
地面に倒れ伏した美千代が
ぼそりと呟いた。顔を上げる力も残っていない。
「あいつらぶん殴る役目は……
あたしよか陽真理向きだから……」
娘々@N市

B.B.B.!
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Illustration マルイノ
ねむりんの冒険

Nemurin’s Adventure

This story takes place in the start of Magical Girl Raising Project

Nobody could stop the march of the terrible monster.

The police, the Japanese Defense Force, the US Military, the Law, ethics, pleading, nothing can stop the rampage of this mad creature.

Not even tanks could stop it. It was truly an unstoppable beast.

Men, women, children. All were crying from several blocks away, trying to get away from this horrible creature.

The screams of them surrounded the city, as the monster continued on its rampage.

The monster destroyed buildings like it was nothing, swatting and batting and roaring, it was truly mad.

Skyscrapers, municipal buildings, government buildings as well. The monster didn't discriminate, all it cared was rage and terror.

A young boy was watching this monster from the rooftop.

His knees were trembling, shaking, and afraid. He stood there, unable to move as the beast roared and continued on his unstoppable rampage.

Maybe the monster would leave him alone if he didn't make a sound.

Thump

Thump

The boy's heartbeat grew louder, as it did, the boy felt like the monster heard it. How? It was impossible, but somehow, the monster heard the boy's fear.

Slowly, the monster turned around, breathing fire as a sign of threat and anger. This was the mark of a true terror.

It was about 50 meters tall, and covered in scales.

A gigantic lizard is how you would call it, or a dinosaur, but much, much scarier than you could ever imagine.

The monster walked closer…

…closer…

…closer…

“H-Help meeeee!!!” screamed the boy.

“FEAR NOT! HERE I COOOME!”

The voice of a girl came shouting from the distance.

The boy looked at the source of the voice. It was a girl standing on a telephone wire, dressed in what seemed to be yellow pajamas.

She had a pillow on her right arm, and she seemed blissfully happy in her expression, but also quite sleepy.

“Is this monster terrorizing the city? Don’t worry! Magical Girl Nemurin will beat up this bully!” cried the girl in pajamas.

She flew towards the monster, and landed a large *kick* towards the monster’s head.

The monster, who had shrugged off tank missiles, was actually hurt by this girl’s physical attacks! Surprisingly, the monster flew towards a building.

Down, but not out, the monster tried to go back up, but Nemurin grabbed the monster’s tail, gripping it tightly, and she twirled the monster around and around and around…

The monster screamed in fear, as the girl with pajamas casually threw it to the sky.

Then, Nemurin made a pose, with two of her hands making a scissor shape, touching her forehead.

“NEMURIN BEAAAAAM! BIBIBIBIBIBIBIBIBI”

A large beam appeared from Nemurin’s forehead, and as it enveloped the monster, it began to shrink and shrink.

Eventually, it became a small lizard, unable to do anything.

Nemurin approached the boy on the roof,

“You’re safe now! Have a good night’s rest, okay? I’ll see you around!”

With that, the pajama girl named Nemurin floated off into the sky, creating a strange portal, and disappeared into who knows where…

This is the Dreamland.

It is the boundary between reality and the world of dreams.

This is where Nemurin resides, and where she hangs around after every adventure in someone’s dreams.

She often takes some pleasure in sitting in a fluffy cloud, supported by other clouds, lying down and just playing around.

She took out her Magical Phone.

7,503,685,689,921 Magical Candies.

“Ah, today was pretty good, I saved the world again!” said Nemurin.

A 3-D image of a mascot, black and white, appeared.

Fav.

“Good job as always, Pon!” he said.

“I wonder if I’ll always get this many Magical Candies”

“Of course, Pon! But I should warn you, Magical Candies earned in dreams don’t mean a thing in reality, Pon!”

“Ah… bad luck, well, I’ll just leave reality to the other Magical Girls. Dreamland needs me, after all”

“That’s all well and good, Pon, but you should really think about getting candy in real life too, Pon!”

“But real life work is soo haaard….”

“*Sigh*, you just lack motivation, Pon!”

Recently, there was a new rule for the N-City Magical Girls.

Those who can’t get enough Magical Candy will be eliminated from becoming Magical Girls. Nemurin of course, has been hard at work in Dreamland.

Though that doesn’t exactly translate to real life.

Magical Girl Dream Found!

A voice from within the dream shouted out. That was Nemurin’s cue, she can enter someone’s dream now.

It looks like a Magical Girl this time!

“You visiting her, Pon?”

“Of course!”

The passageway was always different.

This time it’s a brown door. Fancy, elegant, royal.

Nemurin placed her hands on the doorknob, and with it, she turned it slowly, not even needing a key to open this door.

Nemu Sanjou is 24 years old.

When she was younger, she always stayed indoors for almost all of her life.

This is due to her severe case of asthma.

She’d been told not to be exposed to the outdoors for fear of her condition being worse than usual.

Her brothers and sisters would stay at home, playing with her almost every day. They’d also tell her about their stories of the day, and Nemu always listened.

Nemu has always been a good listener. She'd listen to pretty much anything, anything at all. She doesn't discriminate, and she really does listen, not like those people that pretend like they're listening.

Whether it's a success story, or something bad happening to you, people knew that Nemu wouldn't judge, and would listen all day long.

As she graduated elementary, her asthma lightened, and she became able to go outside again.

However, she'd already been conditioned to watching people, so Nemu has always preferred that, watching people come and go, listening to their problems, helping to solve them.

She's not passive, though.

She'd just prefer not to move.

She prefers when she listens to others tell their story, she prefers it when people share their life experiences with her. It's better to imagine than to be a part of them, for her at least.

Days became weeks, weeks became months, months became years. Nemu had graduated college.

She still loves to stay indoors, playing games and reading books. That's just how she was conditioned as a child.

Her brothers and sisters aren't exactly mad at her, since it couldn't be helped, but they still wished she'd do more. She's been spoiled.

One game that she played was *Magical Girl Raising Project*. With this game, Nemu became the sleeping Magical Girl known as Nemurin.

Even as a Magical Girl, her behavior didn't change. In fact, her powers seemed to encourage her laziness.

She only ever visits the chatrooms, and most of the time, she spends her time in Dreamland.

It’s rare for her to have a Magical Girl dream as Magical Girls, so whenever she sees an opportunity, she always takes that chance.

Snow White had a dream where she was an idol singer Magical Girl. That was pretty fun.

Sister Nana dreamed that she was a princess in a castle, and her beloved prince came to rescue her. Very dramatic.

Top Speed dreamt that she won a broomstick race.

Winterprison dreamt that she was flirting with Sister Nana in their apartment. Then Nemurin had to leave, because things were getting a bit… steamy…

La Pucelle dreamt that she was fighting a large dragon. Such a knightly dream. Nemurin decided to participate.

The next day, La Pucelle messaged Nemurin, “Thanks for the assist!” she said.

Nemurin was always happy to help out in dreams.

This time was no different.

A European style town.

Clouds gave way to stone pavements.

There was a large crowd of people in sight. Looks like a typical medieval fantasy scene. There seems to be a parade somewhere in town, too.

Nemurin flew above the crowd of people, and she saw knights and horses carrying a royal carriage.

That’s when she saw who was inside.

A purple haired royal Magical Girl.

Nemurin recognized her,

“Oh… is that Ruler?”

“Looks like it, Pon!”

She’s only ever seen her avatar, but never actually chatted with her.

Nemurin’s magic only allows her to enter the dreams of people that she’s interacted directly with before, or seen, or passed by.

She’s only ever seen Ruler’s avatar, so…

“Is this Ruler’s dream?” wondered Nemurin out loud.

“It’s possible you saw her as a human somewhere, Pon!”

“I guess…”

But then she looked at Ruler’s face.

Blurry, no facial features, visible from a distance, but immediately gone once you take a closer look.

This is not Ruler’s dream.

In a dream, only the dreamers look real. Your brain and mind can’t process the faces of these people at once, so Nemurin knows which ones are fake, and which one is the dreamer.

Nemurin raised the sensitivity of her antennae, that’s when she picked up the dreamer.

An elementary school girl.

How cute.

This must be the girl that this dream belongs to.

Nemurin flew down to the girl, who was staring intently at Ruler. Strange, Nemurin never recalled meeting this girl in real life.

Though, Nemurin must’ve met her as a Magical Girl before, since this was a Magical Girl’s dream.

Most of the time, Magical Girls don't dream in their human selves, though, so this was new.

The little girl had eyes of adoration.

"You like Ruler?" asked Nemurin.

The girl nodded, eyes still fixated on Ruler.

"She really is pretty, huh?" said Nemurin, also looking at Ruler.

"Not only that… she's cool, amazing, and flawless. Just as a princess should be," said the girl.

"Ah, I see… yeah, a princess should have those traits."

"One day, I'll become her liege, I'll be her loyal vassal."

"Liege? Vassal? You know some hard words, huh?"

"Mhmm"

"But why serve the princess when you can be a princess yourself?" asked Nemurin.

"EH!?"

For the first time, the girl broke eye contact with Ruler, and looked up at Nemurin.

"Every little girl can achieve her dreams if you try hard enough, being a princess should be easy for you!" said Nemurin.

"Becoming… To… I…"

The girl seemed conflicted.

Nemurin patted the little girl's head, "As long as you do your best, you can do it!"

The girl looked at Nemurin, then back at Ruler. With eyes full of nervousness, she nodded slowly.

Nemurin sighed.

She had just finished visiting that girl's dream, but she felt troubled.

"What's the matter, Pon?"

"I don't know… I feel like I should've done something good, but…"

Fav simply bobbed back and forth. Nemurin can't blame him, that's basically all he does. Still, Nemurin feels something very wrong.

"That girl, I encouraged her to follow her dreams… so why do I feel like something really bad is going to happen?"

"Well, firstly, you don't even know anything about that girl, Pon! Not really"

"Still…"

"When all you do is become a voyeur, you gotta accept that butting into people's business isn't gonna end up well, Pon!"

"It's the best way I could help, though"

"Perhaps, Pon!"

Nemurin sighed.

Fav tilted his body,

"So, you gonna try and work hard in real life too, Pon? At this rate, you're going to be eliminated this week, Pon!"

"If that's the case, I don't mind…"

"What're you gonna do if you get eliminated, Pon?"

"Maybe I'll look for a job, stop being a NEET."

"Suit yourself, Pon!"

Nemurin saw the sea of clouds.

They rolled over and over.

Yeah, this will be a good dream.

The Robot and the Nun

This story takes place several weeks before Magical Girl Raising Project

Absolutely not.

This was the philosophy of Makoto Andou.

When something presents itself, she'd rather take the easy way out. There's no shame as long as you're still alive.

This is what caused her to fail exams, what caused her to have such low grades, and what caused her to basically have to be a part-time worker to pay the bills.

Her parents were disappointed in her, so she ran away.

Rather not deal with that.

Life's pretty good on your own.

Makoto had stayed over at her friend's place, it's been two weeks since she's done this.

If she needed a drink, she'd go to the local park and drink at the fountain there.

Snatch up what lunch and food you can get at the convenience store she works in for food.

She even had her own soup kitchen, in the form of some homeless man under the bridge, providing her with food or shelter in exchange for other things.

It's not like she started this way just now.

She remembered getting money by making a bet with an obviously bad Mahjong player. To secure victory, she would always challenge those who are inferior in skill to her.

No shame in that.

Basically, if a job's too hard, Makoto won't do it. If a job's easy enough and pays more than what it's worth, then she'll do it.

And that's how she got in this situation.

Her friend that she's been staying over with, she had a peculiar rental payment.

"Well, I'll leave you to it! I expect it by the time I get back home, kay?"

Slam

She left for school, and Makoto was left in the living room with her smartphone.

The instructions were already written down on what she had to do, so Makoto simply turned on the app,

Magical Girl Raising Project

It's apparently called 'Magical Girl' Raising Project, but when Makoto logged in, what she saw was hardly what she'd expect in a Magical Girl.

The avatar was a small robot girl.

Looking around the play area, there were other Magical Girl players with more… traditional? Fantasy-like? Kind of outfits.

Makoto's character was a robot that floated with her rocket boosters.

Come to think of it, if Makoto looked at the room around her, she could see plenty of model kits for robots, and magazines about robots too.

Her friend was never really into robots, but throughout her time staying here, Makoto knows she had a boyfriend who was into that sort of thing.

Must've been an influence.

Well, time to grind.

Makoto entered the in-game arena and fought with a variety of other players. She also took on quests and defeated monsters.

She got cards as rewards, experience, leveled up.

This was the rental payment.

One thing that Makoto didn't understand was the game's business model. It's obviously good for the customer if this game was free, but there were no advertisements, no form of in-game payment.

Someone would actually take the time to make a *completely free* game, and manage it.

Servers are ridiculous without money, and this game's pretty popular, so she was surprised there was no attempt to monetize it. It just seemed a tad bit suspicious.

Then, she saw a strange black and white sphere on the phone.

"Congrats, Pon! You've been selected to become a real Magical Girl, Pon!"

Oh god.

She broke it.

Maybe she had to reset the app, but she couldn't quit it. Maybe she had to turn off the phone, but it might break it.

"From now on, you'll become a Magical Girl to protect N-City, Pon!"

"Ahh quiet, quiet for a bit, I'm trying to figure this out"

"Well… that's not a very polite response, Pon!"

"Politeness is for later, lemme just… figure this- huh?"

It talked back.

"Welp, no time for regrets, Pon! I'll just have to show you, Pon!"

A bright light shone on Makoto.

Suddenly, her skin felt metallic… somehow. When she moved, she felt more robotic, and she somehow grew shorter…

She looked at her hands. Robotic hands.

The mirror confirmed it.

Somehow she became her avatar,

Magicaloid 44

“I’ve met my ideal prince!”

It’s been a few days since Magicaloid 44 had transformed, and already she was meeting other Magical Girls.

This one is Sister Nana.

She looks religious.

When she wanted to meet up, Magicaloid 44 thought it was going to be some kind of strange preaching missionary work.

To be quite honest, since Magicaloid’s mentor was an insane homicidal maniac by the name of Calamity Mary, this was a nice change of pace.

Still annoying.

“She’s sweet, handsome, cool, athletic, knowledgeable, and undefeatable!” said Sister Nana.

What the hell was this girl talking about?

“Sounds like a pretty nice girl,” said Magicaloid.

“Isn’t she just the greatest?” said Sister Nana.

“Yep. Totally. Absolutely. Why did you meet up with me again?”

Sister Nana was the one who wanted an appointment with Magicaloid 44 in the first place, so it’s not like she’d just call a meeting to ramble on and on…

…Then again.

“Magicaloid 44, you’re a Magical Girl from the 22nd century, right?”

“Eh? Oh, uh… totally, that’s my backstory!”

“And you can pull out useful items from the future, right?”

“Well… I have useless items, too, but yeah!”

“Do you mind if I loan some of your items?”

“Eh?”

“My ideal prince is an ideal prince, but as a Magical Girl, I’m stronger than her! She can’t protect me, so I need to make her on the same stage as I am! Please let me use your tools!”

What the hell is this girl talking about.

“What I want… is for my ideal prince to become a Magical Girl too,” said Sister Nana.

She took out a brown envelope.

Oh?

“I’m even willing to compensate for it!”

Now we’re talking

Sister Nana smiled. A sweet, angelic smile. Such innocence, such naivety, cha-ching!

Magicaloid nodded, and she pulled out something from her bag.

Her magic doesn’t let her know what item she’ll pull out, but after she pulls it out, she’ll know exactly what the item does.

The fact that it’s random doesn’t help.

Aaaand…

Insect Gender Identifier

It allows you to literally identify if an insect is a male or a female

Crap, she messed up.

Oh god no, the *money*!

“What’s that?” asked Sister Nana.

Think fast.

“JA JA JA JAAAAAN!!! Insect Gender Identifier! It allows you to identify if an insect is male or female!”

“And what’s that for?” asked Nana politely.

Er…

Oh crap…

“Insects are mysterious creatures. Strange creatures. Theorized to be visitors from outer space. By making contact with these fantastic creatures, you may increase the chances of becoming a Magical Girl!”

That took her 15 seconds to come up with.

“Oh my, how wonderful!” cried Nana.

Oh, this nun is eating it up.

For Magicaloid 44, it’s actually harder for her to earn Magical Candies.

Not in the way you think.

Magicaloid is the least human of the N-City Magical Girls. A tiny robot, about the size of a child. More often than not, if she comes to help people, most of them would run away scared that a robot is coming to them.

In the Magical Girl sightings website, people are disputing if she’s even a Magical Girl to begin with.

The most accepted theory is that either

‘She is a robot controlled by someone else’

‘She is a robot controlled by magic’

So, you can imagine how harder it is for Magicaloid to actually get a proper way to save others. At the very least, she tries.

Oh, and Sister Nana visited again.

“It broke, Magicaloid. I apologize…”

Magicaloid’s magic has a one day limited use, so items will naturally break after that time period.

“OH! WONDERFUL! My items only break if someone with high magical energy absorbs them all! She must’ve absorbed all of it!”

Great save.

“Really?”

And the money continues.

Debris Removal Machine

Draw-Manga-in-a-Day Pen

Anti-Magic Gun

Every day, Magicaloid earned Yen. It’s been, what, a million Yen now?

Unfortunately…

…A week later.

“Thank you oh so very much!” said Sister Nana, standing beside another Magical Girl.

Another?

“This is Weiss Winterprison, my ideal prince! Thanks to your *Magic Enhancing Earrings*, Fav came and saw potential in her, now she’s a real Magical Girl!” said Nana happily.

Winterprison nodded.

Oh shit.

That night, Nana and Winterprison invited Magicaloid over for dinner, as a celebratory party. Of course, for the trouble, Nana still made a compensation to Magicaloid.

At least this is the last bit of money she can squeeze out. Magicaloid had no idea if she can find someone else as gullible.

At the dinner table were four people.

Sister Nana, gushing over Winterprison.

Winterprison, still nervous about seeing all these other Magical Girls.

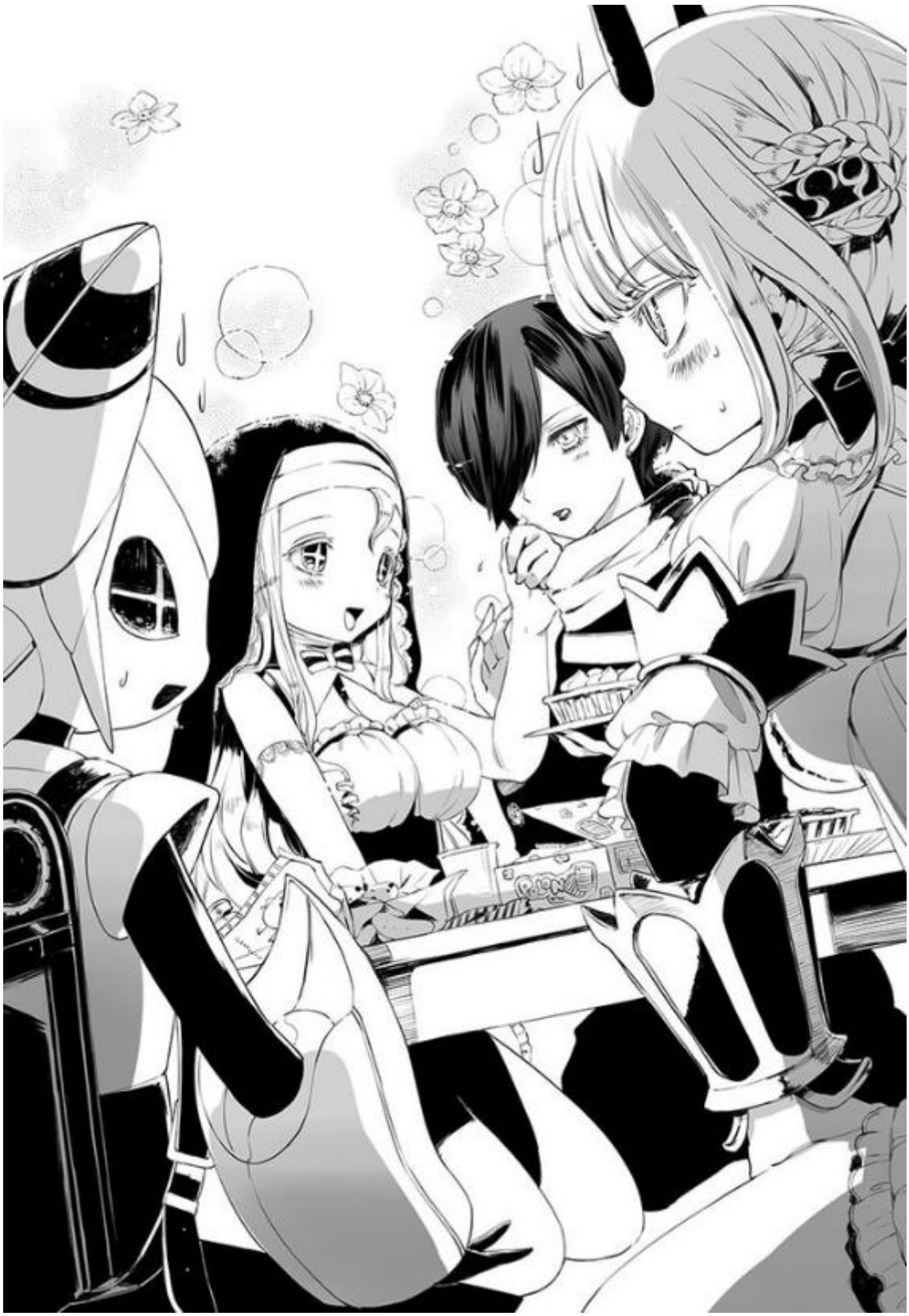
Magicaloid, of course.

And a Dragon Knight, La Pucelle, who was just silently eating.

“So…” said Magicaloid to La Pucelle.

La Pucelle glanced at her,

“You friends with Sister Nana?” asked Magicaloid.



“Er, yeah, but… She’s my mentor, and I’m grateful for that.”

“Mentor, eh? So you learned a lot from her?”

“About Magical Girls, yeah.”

So the nun mentored the knight. Huh, that’s funny.

Magicaloid leaned over to La Pucelle, whispering slightly so that they wouldn’t be heard by the other two.

“So… what do you think of her?”

“Huh?”

“Be honest, I won’t judge.”

“I mean, she’s a nice lady. I honestly think she’s kind of… pure? In a way.”

“So you’re actually into this pure love kinda deal?”

“Well, she’s in love, so I can’t blame her for being a bit… aloof,” said La Pucelle.

Magicaloid snickered.

“Y’know what I think?”

“What?”

“I think you’re saying that cause *you’re* in love with someone too.”

La Pucelle spat some orange juice that she was drinking, and her tail shook the table. Her face immediately blushed red.

“Oh my, are you okay, La Pucelle?” asked Nana.

“Yeah, yeah… Mind if I be excused a bit?” said La Pucelle as she left the table.

“’Scuse me as well! You two have fun!” said Magicaloid as she followed La Pucelle.

They went to the balcony of Nana’s apartment.

“So who is it?” asked Magicaloid.

“Huh?”

“C’mon, you can tell me. Who’s your crush?”

“No, no, it’s not… I haven’t seen her in a long time, anyways, she was from back in elementary school.”

“Ah… any particular reason?”

“*Sigh*… I don’t know, we just loved Magical Girls, I guess.”

“Hmhm, you’re an interesting one, La Pucelle.”

The night came to an end, and La Pucelle bid farewell as Winterprison washed the dishes. Magicaloid was also going to bid farewell as well, preparing to fly out from the balcony.

Sister Nana approached her alone before she did that, though.

“Oh, Magicaloid, a request,” she said.

“Yes?”

“Do you know of any… dangerous places?”

Huh?

Well, technically…

“The red-light district is protected by my mentor, Calamity Mary. Though… *protected* is a very nice way of saying it. As long as you don’t say this to her directly, though. She’s a homicidal maniac, so… That’s technically dangerous. She also hates having Magical Girls on her turf, other than her students.”

“Ah, thank you, Magicaloid!”

With that, Magicaloid 44 flew back into the night sky.

As she flew over, she went home into her friend’s apartment. The daily routine of Makoto Andou is still there.

Getting food, visiting that homeless man under the bridge, becoming a Magical Girl.

So long as life is still okay, Magicaloid would do anything to keep it that way.

Becoming a Magical Girl was quite strange to Winterprison.

She felt a surge of power, and was quite unprepared for what comes with it. Still, she had Nana to teach her.

Sister Nana meant everything to her, and no matter what, Winterprison knew that she had to protect Nana.

Sister Nana checked on Winterprison.

“How are you doing, Shizuku?”

“Dishes are clean for now, Nana.”

“I heard of a Magical Girl, quite a bit of a troublemaker in the red-light district. Do you think it would be okay to visit her? Calamity Mary?”

“Can’t say I know her by name. I’m new, after all,” said Winterprison.

“Well, it might be a bit dangerous, but… as long as you’re here.”

“If that’s what you want… I’ll protect you, no matter what,” said Winterprison.

Sister Nana was everything to Winterprison. She’s a bit aloof, and at first, Winterprison wasn’t really a fan of those kinds of girls.

Still, she warmed up to her.

Now, Winterprison knew that Nana would be the one she’ll protect.

If Nana wants to visit this place, Winterprison will make damn sure she doesn’t get hurt at all.

Produced by Peaky Angels!

This story takes place a few weeks before Magical Girl Raising Project

There was a social game.

Its name is *Magical Girl Raising Project*.

In this social game, there was also a rumor. If you play it, there is a small chance that you'll become a real Magical Girl.

Whether or not people believed it, that rumor was true.

Magical Girls do exist.

In fact, they've been sighted everywhere around N-City. So much so that there's a Magical Girl sightings site.

In this website, there's a few different types of people.

People who have been rescued by the Magical Girls, and want to share their experience.

People who love Magical Girls, and desperately want to see.

People who are conspiracy nuts, just as likely to believe in UFOs or government conspiracy theories.

And of course…

…Magical Girls themselves.

Mina and Yuna Amasato are two twins who live in the same apartment.

They lived together, dressed like each other, sound similar, and even go to the same college.

If you had a problem with one of them, you have a problem with both of them.

There was no separating these two. Since birth, Mina and Yuna have always been one. It was only fitting then, that they both became Magical Girls as well.

They sat on the dining table, watching the sightings website with a curious eye.

“Looks like people are starting to notice us, huh?”

“Right you are, sis!”

“But we’re still not first place!”

“Such a shame…”

“There’s gotta be a way though”

“You have a plan?”

“I’ve got several ideas, yeah!”

“Ah, Magi-Cool!”

“They’re not particularly impressive yet, though”

“You’re just being humble”

“I’d like a second set of opinions”

“Other than us?”

“You think Ruler would be good?”

“That old hag?”

“Hm, you’re right. What about Fav?”

“He’ll just say ‘oh, I see, Pon!’ and leave”

“Sister Nana? Calamity Mary?”

“Definitely not those two!”

“So who? Who!?”

“Oh, what about that other girl!”

“Ah, Ruler’s other girl!”

“Yeah, yeah, that dog!”

“Perfect, let’s ask her opinion!”

“Magi-Cool!”

When you become a Magical Girl, you’re usually assigned a mentor from the start.

For Tama Inubouzaki, no mentor could possibly make her less clumsy than how she is right now.

She was born timid, even as a human.

In school, at home, anywhere. She would clumsily mess up, be afraid to talk with others, always seems to be messing things around.

Everyone gave up on Tama.

Teachers gave up on Tama.

Friends gave up on Tama.

Her siblings gave up on Tama.

Her parents gave up on Tama.

The only person that didn’t give up on Tama was her grandmother.

Her grandmother loved her despite all of her faults, and taught her the best she could on how to live a good life.

Tama loved her grandmother, and her grandmother also loved Tama.

Unfortunately, six months ago, her grandmother passed away of acute pneumonia. Tama attended her funeral, crying and sad.

Almost everyone that was there petted her head.

“There there, Tama.”

People felt sorry for her, but she doubted that anyone actually changed their feelings about her. She was probably still that clumsy Tama.

She wanted a pastime to get away from the thoughts of the passing of the one person who truly loved her.

That's when she played *Magical Girl Raising Project*.

It was the only game she could download, because it was completely free.

She also downloaded it due to the rumors.

She thought, *If I could become a Magical Girl, maybe my luck will change*.

Luckily enough, she *did* become a Magical Girl!

"Congratulations, Pon! You've become a real Magical Girl!"

She became the Magical Girl known as *Tama*.

She could climb up walls, do continuous backflips, she looked cute, and she even got her five senses enhanced.

Of course, now she had to learn the rules of becoming a Magical Girl.

For that, she went to a mentor in the Temple District, Ruler.

Ruler was a scary person at first, and their first impression didn't exactly change that fact either.

"Right, you understand, now?" asked Ruler.

As opposed to Tama's sulking crouching figure, Ruler was slender, tall, and elegant. A cape and royal dress to match.

They were on different leagues.

Tama also was too scared to listen to anything Ruler said earlier.

“S-Sorry… I… Could you repeat that?”

“URGH! I thought dogs were supposed to be *smart*! Okay… here!”

Ruler brought Tama inside the temple. There, she passed her a book. The book was handwritten, and on the cover,

Becoming a Proper Magical Girl

“Eh?” asked Tama.

“I wrote this book just in case someone had trouble memorizing my words. Read it. Now you can understand, right?”

Tama opened the book.

Oh no.

“Um…”

“What?”

“I don’t… I can’t read… Kanji”

“OH FOR THE LOVE OF- Is there *anything* that you *can* do!?” shouted Ruler.

This was usually the part where teachers would give up on Tama. This was the part where people showed hatred for Tama.

But…

“Here, sit down,” said Ruler.

Tama took a seat.

Ruler sat beside her.

Ruler grabbed the book from the beginning.

“Alright… Tell me, which Kanji can’t you read?”

“Huh?”

“I’m asking you, which Kanji can you not understand? I’m going to teach you, okay?”

“Oh, um… This one… That one…”

Ruler and Tama spent hours learning Kanji, Ruler taught her how to memorize Kanji. Lessons every day.

Ruler would always make time for Tama.

Tama thought she was a scary person, but she was actually pretty nice. She even made a collar for Tama.

“Ruler…”

“Yeah?”

“You’re a pretty nice girl, you know?” said Tama.

Ruler’s face went red.

“STUPID MUTT! GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!”

She’s always like that. Tama knew that deep down, she actually cared for her subjects.

Speaking of subjects…

“Alright, Tama! We’ve got… an *assignment* for you!”

“Important assignment!”

The Peaky Angels called Tama to the rooftop of one of the buildings in N-City. Seems like these guys wanted to talk about something.

“We’re trying to be number one in popularity on that Magical Girl site”

“But Snow White’s always number one!”

“Yeah! Any ideas?

“Ideas?”

Tama tilted her head. Snow White was that new Magical Girl.

“Um… Help more people?” suggested Tama.

“WE’RE ALREADY DOING THAT!”

“WE DO THAT JUST LIKE ANYONE ELSE”

“Besides, we think Snow White’s cheating!”

“No way she can find so many people at once!”

Tama felt a bit nervous. She wasn’t sure what else to answer.

“Um… why don’t you consult with Ruler?” asked Tama.

“NO!”

“ABSOLUTELY NOT!”

Oh…

Looks like these guys disliked Ruler. Tama couldn’t help but feel a bit sad at that, but I guess she can’t help it. To each their own.

“I’m sure… she’ll listen to you,” said Tama again.

“She’s an old hag and a bitch!”

“A bitch!”

Tama couldn’t bear to hear more insults to Ruler. Tears almost flowed within her eyes. So much so that she looked away for a bit, afraid to be judged.

That’s when she saw an electronic billboard.

It was playing an advertisement of a famous idol singer.

“Ah! How about you make a PV?” asked Tama.

The angels tilted their heads.

They looked at each other, then at Tama.

Their smiles widened.

A week after they shot their PV, the Peaky Angels' popularity shot up towards the top.

Tama had recorded the Peaky Angels promoting themselves, holding hands, flying together, acting all cute.

It got plenty of hits online, with people even questioning the legitimacy of the video, or if it was edited somehow.

Either way, the Peaky Angels quickly rose up to number 2 in the popularity polls.

"Number two! Number two!"

"Sis, we're so Magi-Cool!"

"Let's celebrate our victory!"

"Invite Tama over to our hideout!"

"She can't fly though, can she?"

"That's why we carry her, right?"

"Not even Ruler knows this hideout!"

"Hope you're ready, Tama!"

The twins looked at Tama with a sly grin.

"Eh? Eh!? EEEH!?"

In just a few seconds, the twins picked up Tama, now floating in the air. The speed at which she flew scared her.

She was too afraid to open her eyes, but when she did, she found herself soaring across the night sky.

One twin on each side, flying as fast as they can.

You know…

…Although it’s quite scary, sometimes things like this were also fun.

Zombie Western

This Story is set during Magical Girl Raising Project

Magicaloid 44 was a sly Magical Girl. Opportunistic. Always looking for a way to come out on top. Calamity Mary appreciated that.

However, it wasn't enough to be opportunistic, you also have to act upon your opportunism. If you see a chance, you have to take it.

So for Magicaloid to want to pair up with Mary, she'd have to be able to prove herself to Mary.

"Kill a Magical Girl," said Mary. That was the conditions. Mary would only work with someone who's willing to do what's necessary.

Truth be told, there were plenty of other partners that Magicaloid could've allied with.

Winterprison would be the one she'd think of first. The girl is powerful, and strong in combat as well. Too bad she's burdened by that fool of a woman, Sister Nana.

Magicaloid came to Mary because she felt that Calamity Mary could offer asylum, safety, and security. Well, security isn't easily earned, it has to be proven.

It didn't matter if she was her apprentice. That fact still hasn't changed. If Magicaloid won't kill, she'll be nothing but a burden to Mary.

Calamity Mary laid down on the sofa, lit her cigarette, and puffed a whiff of smoke. She was waiting for Magicaloid to reply on her Magical Phone.

Mary was curious. Who would Magicaloid target first? There were some choices.

Weiss Winterprison and Sister Nana. That would probably be suicidal. Although, Magicaloid knows Nana, so she could just lure her into a trap. It's her partner that's the problem.

Top Speed and Ripple. The one pair Mary hoped Magicaloid didn't go for. Mary wanted to kill Ripple herself. She could have Top Speed, though. Her jet boosters could probably keep up with that witch's broomstick. Although, Ripple wouldn't trust her.

Swim Swim's group. Another suicidal attempt. 4-on-1 wouldn't be the best way to go about it. Mary didn't really know what Swim Swim's group was capable of, but after the amount of candy she got, she felt like she could sense a betrayal in that group.

Clamberry? Secluded in the forest. Possible target. The problem is finding her, since she barely talks in the chats.

Finally, Snow White. Snow White had just lost La Pucelle, she's weak. She has low fighting capabilities, and she has the most candies.

Snow White has a target on her back. If Mary was Magicaloid, she'd go after her.

Mary's phone rang. A text from Magicaloid.

'I've found someone'.

Perfect. Mary gave the A-OK, and waited once more. Anytime now Magicaloid should reply back.

Anytime…

…Hm, taking a long time for her to reply back. Is Snow White really that hard to take down?

Snow White is a naïve idealistic weakling, she doesn't look like the fighter type.

Mary texted Magicaloid, but after a few minutes, there was no reply.

She's getting frustrated. Magicaloid shouldn't make Mary frustrated, she'd hate that. Nobody crosses Calamity Mary.

No response at all.

Fine.

Mary contacted Fav, who appeared immediately, projecting himself from her Magical Phone.

"What's up, Pon?"

"Magicaloid. Where is she?"

"Hmm, isn't that your responsibility as a mentor, Pon?"

Calamity Mary brought the Magical Phone closer to her face, staring at Fav,

“Don’t play games with me. Where’s the damn robot?”

“It’s an honest question, Pon! Besides, Magicaloid’s got a phone, right, Pon?”

“She hasn’t replied.”

“Two things could happen, then! She’s probably busy, or… the other thing, Pon!”

“Is she dead?”

“Announcements don’t happen until later, Pon! I can’t tell you who dropped out *now*! Be patient, Pon!”

Calamity Mary closed her Magical Phone. If Snow White somehow killed Magicaloid 44, then Mary had to make sure Snow White was dead.

Killing Magicaloid 44, Mary’s apprentice, was an insult to Calamity Mary.

Nobody insults Calamity Mary.

Ako Hatoda had been saved.

When she was on the verge of suicide, a Magical Girl came down and helped her. It wasn’t even something profound, it was just giving her back her lost house key.

But that one act meant so much to Ako. For someone who had to bear the weight of her father’s sins, Ako had felt like she shouldn’t be alive.

She already planned to commit suicide. She planned it for days now, and was ready to go through with it. She just didn’t want anyone to be burdened by her.

But then that Magical Girl. The White Magical Girl came to her, to help her. To take time off her busy day to make someone like her happy.

Ako realized that this is what she wanted to do. She no longer wanted to commit suicide. She wanted to help people. She wanted to make them smile like she did.

She wanted to help the White Magical Girl, too.

She did research, and found a rumor of a social game, *Magical Girl Raising Project*. Rumors state that some players may become real Magical Girls.

She begged her uncle for a chance to get a new smartphone. Once she did, she immediately downloaded the phone.

Because she wanted to impress the White Magical Girl, she believed that a contrast in colors would be good. Designing her character to be dressed in all black, in contrast to the white dress of the White Magical Girl.

The White Magical Girl wore a classic Japanese sailor uniform, so Ako would contrast that too. A European schoolgirl uniform. But she didn't really know much of Europe's school life, so she took inspiration from the one book she remembered reading, *Alice in Wonderland*.

Designing her clothes and color scheme to look like this was perfect. Now, for a name.

Hardgore Alice.

And she began playing the game, hoping that her wish of meeting her would come true. And it did.

Fav, the mascot of the game, made her into a real Magical Girl. When he explained her powers, Fav told her that she had extremely fast regeneration abilities.

Alice tested this first, poking a needle in her palm, only for it to heal. She began using sharper equipment, leading up to a chisel stabbing her forearm.

All injuries were healed. Alice hadn't dared to try something more dangerous. The self-harm is reminding her of her past suicidal tendencies.

The experiments should prove that she can heal through anything. Now it was time to meet her mentors and find the White Magical GIrl.

The White Magical Girl. Finally, she met her.

Her name was Snow White, and Alice had just saved her life.

She found her in an alley. Alice wanted to approach her, but she ran away. Then Alice was taken by surprised.

Her head fell off, just like what the Queen of Hearts wanted to do with the real Alice.

That didn't matter, though, as her attacker, the robot Magical Girl, seemed dangerous.

She seemed like she was going to kill Snow White.

Magical Girls have enhanced strength and skills, Pon!

Remembering Fav's words, she stood up with her headless body, and pierced through the robot's chest.

The shock must have gotten to Snow White, as she collapsed afterwards, while Alice began to heal her decapitated head back to her neck stump.

Alice's powers really worked. Despite losing her head, Alice didn't die. Alice had only tested her powers using injuries, but fatal ones can apparently be survived.

That night, Alice had brought Snow White home. She asked Fav for directions to her house, placed Snow White on her bedside, and placed the *Lucky Rabbit's Foot* in her palm.

The *Lucky Rabbit's Foot*, a special item that Alice bought using her lifespan. Although Alice will potentially live a shorter life, It didn't matter to her, since it would ultimately be used to save another life.

That night, Hardgore Alice was happy. She had repaid her debt, and helped her savior.

However, it doesn't mean her job is over. She still wanted to pair up with Snow White, to become partners.

Then she remembered, Snow White had a partner, according to Sister Nana. They often met up at a steel tower near the beach.

If someone tried to kill Snow White and found her in an alley, then someone could be waiting for her the next time she would meet that partner of hers.

Alice rushed to the steel tower as fast as she can. She needed to protect Snow White, to look out for her.

The Steel Tower near the beach seemed empty. Nobody was there, but Alice had to make sure it was really safe.

She climbed the roof of a nearby elementary school in order to get a better look at the Steel Tower. In the moonlight, there was nobody that seemed to be waiting for Snow White in the tower.

After scanning the location from the top of the school building, Alice felt relieved. There was nobody waiting to ambush Snow White.

That's when she heard a loud bang.

She felt her stomach get pushed, and explode. She had been shot. That sound came from a gun. The gigantic hole in her stomach proves that.

The Izhmash Saiga 12. A weapon created in a cold country. It was known as a shotgun to most of the world, belonging to the same family of guns as the AK-47. It is a powerful semi-automatic rifle.

Each shot should be enough to kill someone, but this one was a special version of the weapon. A version that was enhanced by the magic of Calamity Mary.

Calamity Mary had waited in Snow White's designated meeting spot, when she saw a Magical Girl sneaking about.

Unsure of whether or not it was Snow White, Mary took a closer look at the girl, taking care to keep quiet. It turns out that she *wasn't* Snow White, but nevertheless, had come to Snow White's meeting place.

Who was this girl? Mary hadn't recalled seeing her in the chatroom. She asked Fav on her name, Fav replied that her name was Hardgore Alice, the 16th Magical Girl.

Well, looks like Hardgore Alice will have to die.

She shot her in the stomach to watch her bleed to death, as she stepped out of the shadows, grinning. However, it looks like Alice just felt the hole in her stomach and began to run over towards Calamity Mary.

Her internal organs were sloshing about in that hole, a trail of blood everywhere. She shouldn't even be alive, but Alice, with a hole in her abdomen, ran straight for Mary.

Alice threw a punch that Mary easily dodged, followed by a kick that was blocked by Mary. Every bit of movement would swing Alice's intestines and organs away, but Alice didn't seem deterred by the gigantic hole in her stomach.

Whatever this Magical Girl's deal is, she can endure a lot of pain. Mary had decided it was best for her to immediately die.

Alice was quite reckless in fighting, obviously not used to it. She waited for her to push her body forward, and when she did, Mary placed the Saiga on her temple, and pulled the trigger.

The surrounding blast blew off her head, bits of her skull and brains splattered the rooftop of the elementary school, and bits more rolled down to the ground.

Her face was a mangled mess, and the top half of it was gone. The Calamity Mary-enhanced bullet completely blew her head away.

Now headless, Mary sighed as Alice's body collapsed in front of her.

As Mary placed her gun back inside her 4-Dimensional Bag, which she bought from Fav earlier, she felt something grab her ankle.

Not possible.

She saw a headless Alice, a hole still in her stomach, at the bottom of her feet, grabbing her ankle. Calamity Mary instantly reacted by kicking Alice's headless torso away.

She pulled out a rope from her 4-Dimensional Bag, enhanced in order to make it near-unbreakable. Thanks to being a cowboy-style Magical Girl, she can twirl that rope like a lasso.

As Alice's headless body attempted to stand up, Mary tied her up with the lasso. Pulling the body towards her, she began hogtying the girl's body. Then, she pulled out her Saiga-12 shotgun, and she began meticulously shooting the body over and over again.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

The blood and bullet holes were all over the headless body of Alice. She could even see the holes pierce through the rooftop of the elementary school.

Mary waited…

…Alice's body began twitching.

"Son of a *bitch*!"

Mary took out something from her 4-Dimensional Bag. It was a grenade. Like all the other weapons, it was enhanced as well.

She pulled the pin, and stuffed it into one of the many bullet holes in Alice's body.

Calamity Mary jumped away, and the large explosion rocked the school building, with a fiery blaze, she saw flames emerge from the rooftop.

She had to make *sure*.

Mary jumped back into the rooftop, and saw the large hole that her grenade had made. The hole led straight towards a classroom, and directly underneath that hole, was a mangled body of Alice.

The body had little to no limbs left, the black shirt was stained red, and many of the bullet holes had increased in size. A pool of blood had formed in the floor as well. To any other person, this would be overkill.

But Mary had to make sure it was even a kill in the first place.

She jumped down the hole, and looked at the mangled torso of Alice. She waited for any slightest bit of movement.

It didn't move. It looked like Mary had finally killed her.

Finally

Then the torso twitched. Some muscles began moving.

Shit!

Mary's eyes widened. She was angry. What *was* this girl? She won't die! How dare this new Magical Girl insult her like this.

Calamity Mary pulled out something else from her 4-Dimensional Bag. She had packed many *many* weapons inside this bag, and not all of them were guns or offensive weapons. This one she saved for really powerful opponents.

Some liquid in a bottle, but a very dangerous liquid.

Sulfuric Acid.

She poured the acid on Alice's torso, as it began to wriggle and squirm. Parts of it began to melt and disintegrate, and Mary had enhanced this acid as well.

Smoke began to form as the acid reacted with the body's skin. Eventually, the powerful acid had disintegrated the floor as well, and meaty chunks of what used to be Alice fell downwards down the hole.

The hole led to a stairwell, and chunks of Alice were still down there.

Mary had found a particularly big meat chunk, and she watched and waited.

Then it began to wriggle and roll.

Why won't this bitch die!?

Mary aggressively stomped on the gigantic meat chunk. She stomped it until her face went red, but no matter what she did, it still lived.

Calamity Mary screamed in frustration. She took the meaty chunk and found other bits and pieces. Limbs and other parts of Alice, and placed them together in one big pile.

Mary took out a large oil drum from her 4-Dimensional Bag. The bag, though the size of a pouch, was able to carry almost anything of any size.

She dumped the entire contents of gasoline into the pile, took out her lighter, and set the pile of bodies ablaze.

She watched and watched… waiting for the bodies to turn to ashes, but the flames didn't seem to do their job.

That's when she realized something.

The meat chunks that she left alone had grown back part of their skin, and the blood was almost gone.

They were *healing*.

A frustrated Mary then realized that a slow burning death wouldn't work, as the healing factor of this Hardgore Alice was far too fast for that.

So Mary had another plan. Still in chunks, still in meaty bits and pieces, she put out the flames she had created, grabbed the chunks of Alice, and placed them into this now empty oil drum.

She heard the sound of sirens. Must be either the police or the fire department. Satisfied with the amount of bits and pieces of Alice that was inside the oil drums, Mary escaped the elementary school.

She went towards the docks, she ripped out a large piece of concrete from the asphalt, and then she placed it inside of the oil drum, crushing the meaty bits of Alice, but also weighing the oil drum down.

Now, for the final part. Sealing the oil drum, she threw it as far as she could from the docks towards the sea. She saw as it sank away, the meaty bits of Hardgore Alice still inside.

Survive that!

Calamity Mary grinned. Finally, she can relax a bit. Finally, that black-dressed gothic lolita is as good as gone.

The next few days…

Fav had announced the eliminations of the week in the weekend chatroom.

Just as Mary thought, Magicaloid had been killed. However, that was the only name that was ever mentioned.

Where the hell is Hardgore Alice?

The more Mary thought about the logical conclusion to her thoughts, the more frustrated she became.

She contacted Fav on her Magical Phone.

“You called, Pon?”

“Where’s Alice?”

“First you look for Magicaloid, then you look for Alice, Pon? What’s the rush?”

“Is she alive?”

“Alice is doing just fine, Pon! I know you had a quick visit with her, Pon! Don’t be discouraged though, Pon!”

Hearing those words made Calamity Mary lose her focus. Her head was spinning. She felt slightly dizzy.

That troublesome little girl was still alive after all *that*?

Calamity Mary laughed. She laughed loudly, and it echoed throughout the VIP lounge.

She took a big swig from her drink,

“A toast then, to the *bitch* that won’t die, hmm?” She said as she downed her drink.

“You seem displeased, Pon! Are you going after her, Pon?”

“No… No I won’t. As much as I’d love to… I’ve got bigger fish to fry.”

Calamity Mary didn’t want to make Hardgore Alice be on her list of targets. She had already formed a grudge against Ripple.

Her focus shouldn’t be on Alice. If Alice wanted to fight her, she can fight her. Right now, she had to find a way to lure Ripple and that annoying mentor of hers.

Mary turned on the TV, the news reporter was talking about a congestion issue in the National Highway.

Gears began to shift in Calamity Mary’s head, as she grinned in anticipation. She knew exactly what she was going to do next.

Alice didn’t come home that night. She instead went straight to Weiss Winterprison and Sister Nana.

Nana had contacted Snow White in order to meet up, and Alice wanted to meet with Snow White again.

She originally planned to introduce herself, but Snow White had blacked out.

Afterwards, she planned on waiting near Snow White’s house so that she could see her and properly introduce herself once she finished scouting at the Steel Tower…

…But that cowboy made it difficult.

On one hand, she was glad that the full extent of her powers was known. It looked like the largest chunk of her would regenerate new bodies and limbs, regardless of how many little chunks that Alice was reduced to.

She didn’t exactly want to test the limits of that, but supposedly, so long as a piece of her remains, she can heal back.

Sister Nana was shaking hands with Snow White in the distance, while Alice hid behind Winterprison, still a bit shy to make her first move.

Sister Nana promised to introduce them, as she was her mentor. For now, however, she was still talking with Snow White.

Winterprison glanced at Alice,

“You okay?”

“I’m fine. Why?”

“You smell like seawater.”

“…I took a swim in the beach.”

Winterprison raised her eyebrow suspiciously. Alice looked back at her with a blank expression. She could tell that Winterprison didn’t fully believe Alice.

Winterprison shrugged and nodded, “Well, whatever suits you, I guess.”

Hardgore Alice nodded as well, and went back to looking at Snow White and Nana.

Now was the time to introduce herself. After all the struggle of trying to find her again, Hardgore Alice can finally meet Snow White.

Magical Daisy Season Finale!

This story is a few years before Magical Girl Raising Project

Daisy: Whew… This is so tiring, Palette

Palette: C'mon, Daisy! You gotta work hard! The treasure's bound to be here, somewhere!

Daisy: But it's so much easier to use my powers. What if I Daisy Beam these holes? I'll be able to find the treasure in no time!

Palette: Daisy, you can't use your powers willy nilly! You should only use them when people are in danger

Daisy: But it's sooo haaard…

Palette: You'll waste your energy! Besides, working hard helps build character! C'mon, grab a shovel and let's get to it!

Daisy: Hrmmph… Alright

Palette: Chin up, now! I'll be with you every side of the way!

Daisy: Hmm, alright then! As long as you're with me, Palette! We'll do great!

Palette: That's the spirit! Now let's go find that treasure!

Miracle! Logical! Cynical! Magicaaaal Daisy!!!

~Hello Daisy~
Lyrics/Arrangement: Clamberry/Fav
Performed by: Radical Sisters
Recorded in: Magical Records

The hero of the Land of Flowers, the fighting princess has arrived!
She'll cut through the winds with her Daisy Punch! (Hyah!)
She'll crush all defense with her Daisy Kick! (Hyup!)
And best of all, she'll smite evil with…
…Her Daiiisyyyy Beaaaaaaam!!! (Pyoooosh!)
"Alright everyone, let's not wait around, let's go go goo-"

Kiku Yakumo turned off the TV in the middle of the Opening. For her, watching Magical Daisy was like a ritual.

Every weekend, she'd always tune in to the latest adventures of her fictionalized self.

Kiku was a Magical Girl, *Magical Daisy* herself. She was an experienced veteran, 1 year in her career. Still in High School, but managing.

Magical Girls who are veterans will often get Anime versions of themselves made in the Land of Magic, recording their adventures in real life, as TV shows to be shown to the public.

"Daisy, you ready? We're gonna be late!" said a pink, hamster-like mascot.

His name was Palette, and he was Daisy's partner. Both in real life, and in the Anime she stars in. He's also in charge of recording Daisy's adventures to be shown to the Land of Magic.

"Yeah, just finishing up. You know me!"

"You know you can just record those shows, right?"

"Palette, it's not the same, you know that."

"Mmm, I dunno, you're still watching the same show!"

"Pssh, you wouldn't understand. Anyways, I'm ready to go."

Kiku took the train. She had an important meeting today.

She was going to meet someone from the Land of Magic. This person is supposedly a high-ranking member, in charge of the *Magical Daisy* Anime.

Palette would always record Magical Daisy's adventures. He'd be there for support too.

After a day's work, he'd send the recordings to the Land of Magic. There, they would begin to draft a script for her next episode.

Most of the time, her adventures in real life would be kept similar, but some details would change to fit the actual show.

For the most part, *Magical Daisy* was a Saturday Morning Cartoon show, aimed primarily at kids.

However, despite that, *Magical Daisy* always had a dose of action and adventure too, and it was part of the appeal of the show.

Several details were changed of course.

The Daisy in the Anime was a princess from the Land of Flowers. A mystical place, sent as an ambassador to Earth. She masquerades as a human in high school, in order to learn the Human World's culture, and protect them as Magical Daisy.

Kiku herself thought that was quite a chuckle, but she enjoyed her show. It has a nice charming feel to it.

Unfortunately for her, she had a meeting to go to now.

She was rather nervous. So nervous that she wrote down the address and name of the person somewhere on her arm, for easy consultation.

The train stopped, and Kiku followed the directions towards the apartment where the supposed official lived.

Palette was inside Daisy's pocket, hiding out of sight.

Most Magical Girls work at night, because there's less people wandering the streets, and less chances of getting spotted.

In the rare cases where they work in broad daylight, they tend to do it sneakishly. However, they could always change back to human form. Mascots like Palette, however, can't transform back into anything.

Kiku looked at the apartment. Yep, this is the right address.

She was nervous. Kiku was wearing a sailor schoolgirl uniform. She didn't know whether to go formal, or to dress up as Magical Daisy.

She walked over to the rooms, finding the right one at last.

Gulp

Nervously, she knocked on the door.

No answer.

She knocked again.

“Come in,” said a voice from inside.

Female.

Perhaps… another Magical Girl? This person *was* a Land of Magic employee after all, so it wouldn’t be out of the question.

Kiku was sweating. She opened the door slightly.

The room was dark, and the floor was messy with clothes and items strewn about everywhere.

On the room was only the dim light of the television. A large bed, dirty clothes and whatnot on the floor, and a girl sitting at the center.

The girl had a strange attire.

She had a green afro, a baseball cap, and was wearing sunglasses.

Her outfit consisted of a large jacket, T-shirt, and some jeans.

Kiku was dumbfounded looking at this room at first. After a few minutes of silence, the girl in the room spoke.

“Well? Have a seat.”

There were no chairs around. None except the one that the girl was using. Kiku had no idea if she had to sit in a specific place or to just sit.

Her nervousness was getting to her. This is the first time she’s met a big official in person.

“What’s wrong?” asked the person.

“Ah, nothing, nothing!”

Kiku took a seat on the floor, looking up towards the girl, who was suspiciously eyeing Kiku as well. Nodding while stroking her chin.

“So… You’re Magical Daisy?” asked the girl.

“Yes! Yes, I am. Sorry, I’m not in costume, so you might not recognize my human form.”

“The Land of Magic makes Anime episodes based on the adventures that you have in real life, is that correct?”

“So far, yeah. There are changes though.”

“Of course, of course.”

The girl didn’t look like someone super high up, with how she dresses and how her room looked. But Kiku shouldn’t judge.

The girl brought out some papers. Kiku saw the titles of those papers.

Magical Daisy – Episode 22

Those must be notes, or early drafts.

“Tell me, what was the last thing you did as a Magical Girl?” asked the girl.

“Um… I stopped a drug ring.”

“You stopped a drug ring?”

“Yes. I found out where some people were hiding out, dismantled their organization, and stopped a drug ring.”

There was some silence.

The girl then slammed her papers to the table.

“What were you *thinking*!? Why would you go out of your way and stop a drug ring? Leave that to the police! You should be going out and helping kids find lost toys or something!”

Kiku didn’t know how to respond to that.

“Uh… Well…”

“How are we supposed to write it into your show? We can’t show drugs to these kids!”

Instantly, Palette popped his head out of her pocket.

“Can’t you just change the details?”

“Hm?” asked the girl.

“Yeah, Daisy stopped a drug ring, but that doesn’t mean the show should have that! Maybe have it be about a monster that makes people go crazy or something.”

“It’s still too violent. Did you fight with the men at all, Daisy?” asked the girl.

Kiku scratched her head.

“Er… yes? It’s not like they wanted to go down easy. I had to knock out a few people.”

“No, no, no! Fighting is dangerous, and we are *not* showing that to the kids watching your show. You’re not supposed to use your Daisy Beam on people, right?”

“That’s true… but I don’t-”

“Exactly! Why go out and do dangerous things in the first place, then? You’re setting a bad example to these kids! A lust for fighting isn’t good at all! Completely the opposite of an ideal Magical Girl!”

“I uh… Hmm”

Kiku felt like she was being lectured. She really had no idea how to respond to all this.

For one thing, she felt like she always did the right thing when doing her job.

She never really used her Daisy Beam on people either, so it’s not like she ever killed someone with it.

Palette once again popped out of Daisy's pocket.

"Hey, you can't just treat Daisy like that! She *does* help people! I thought it was the Land of Magic's job to adapt what she does to television!"

"It is! But the reports and recordings that we got are hard to adapt to a kid's show like *Magical Daisy*. Tell me, how do we discuss drugs, hmm?" asked the girl.

"I dunno! Like I said, have it be like some monsters or something."

"I suppose she'd just Daisy Beam those monsters away?"

"Why not?"

"It *kills* them! Magical Girls don't kill. That's not ideal!"

"It's a TV show! Destroying monsters in a kids' show isn't all that bad! We don't really show what Daisy's powers are like!"

"So we lie to people?"

"No, we just adapt it for television!"

"And how does Daisy stumble upon these monsters, who are supposed to be drug ring members, I might add?" asked the girl.

"Rumors from a friend? Have the monsters be attacking the city?" replied Palette.

"So you just want Daisy to *just happen* to stumble on a drug ring, based on some rumors she heard from a friend, that she *happened* to hear at the right time?"

"Sure? Why not? Have her make a friend in the Police Department. In real life, Daisy spent days tracking down that drug ring!"

"We wouldn't even have this discussion if you didn't stop that drug ring in the first place!" complained the girl, slamming the table.

Palette was immediately shocked into hiding under Kiku's pocket again when that girl slammed her table.

“Also, your recordings. Some of them were in broad daylight. Why were you working in broad daylight?” asked the girl again.

Kiku looked towards the girl, slightly embarrassed, “It was, uh… It was the perfect time to do it, at the time.”

“I don’t care. Magical Girls work at night, when it’s safe. You think I’d go out as a Magical Girl in the day?”

“Well, as long as we don’t get seen by people, right?” asked Kiku.

“It doesn’t *matter*! Once you start bending the rules a bit, you start twisting what it means to be a Magical Girl, you start to lose the real meaning of being a Magical Girl, and you fall off that straight and narrow path. This is supposed to be the Season Finale of Magical Daisy, and already it’s filled with shit that I can’t put on TV.”

“I’m… sorry, I guess?” shrugged Kiku with a nervous smile.

“Don’t apologize to me. Apologize to all the kids who watch Magical Daisy every morning!”

The girl stood up, adjusted her baseball cap, and took a deep sigh.

Then, she took out a handheld camera.

“Looks like we’re going to have to do some rewrites.”

“Huh?”

“I’m going to record you doing *proper* Magical Girl things, and send that one to the Land of Magic instead.”

“O…kay? I’ll get changed then,” said Kiku as she took out her Magical Phone.

“Wait, what are you doing?” asked the girl.

“Transforming into Magical Daisy. I gotta be in costume, right?”

“It’s broad daylight.”

“I mean, you picked the time, so…”

“That doesn’t matter. It’s broad daylight. You think people won’t notice the fantastical outfit of a Magical Girl? Nope, you wear these,” said the girl, as she took out some T-Shirts, jeans, and a cap, alongside what seems to be a mask on.

“Um… Why the mask?” asked Kiku.

“So people won’t notice your face. I’m wearing sunglasses, myself. Would you prefer it? Now get dressed and let’s go, already!”

An abandoned house.

At least, it looks abandoned. Inside were some widely empty spaces.

Kiku had been wearing this weird getup on the way here. If she weren’t just strolling down with another girl holding a camera on her, she’d look like someone trying to rob a store.

She was uncomfortable, with what this is supposed to be, and with what she’s wearing.

“We’re going to set up here. Now, I’m going to record you,” said the girl.

“What am I doing, exactly?”

“Cleaning up trash.”

“Huh?”

“Just follow what I say and be quiet!”

---

10 Minutes later

“Is this enough?” said Kiku as she came back with a bagload of rubbish and garbage.

“Put it by the floor there. Get rid of the Tatami Mat.”

---

30 Minutes later

“Do we really need this much?” asked Kiku, pulling in another large piece of garbage.

“It’s an environmental episode. It’ll be good for the kids. Keep going!”

---

1 Hour later

“I don’t think we can fit more,” said Kiku.

“Now go transform into Daisy and Daisy Beam the whole thing!”

“Huh? Okay”

“Wait! When you transform, I want you to change into the clothes you’re wearing. No fantastical costumes. It’s broad daylight.”

“I don’t wanna sound rude, but… isn’t that kind of… overdoing it?”

“We need to set an *example*! You already screwed up when you picked a fight with a drug ring. Magical Girls fight for justice! They don’t go beating people up! Seeking violence, willing to kill people for it, what kind of Magical Girl is that!? They should be fighting for peace, justice, and friendship!”

“Y’know, I never actually went in there to beat them up, and I never killed anyone. I just wanted to stop something bad from happening in my city”

“I don’t care about excuses, we’re running out of battery, hurry it *up*!”

Kiku sighed.

She transformed, changed back to these weird jeans, overalls, cap, mask. Palette nervously came out.

Daisy nodded to her partner, and with a palm-like pose, disintegrated the entire pile of trash with her Daisy Beam.

“Perfect!”

Karin Sonoda is a newcomer in the Manga industry.

She'd started her career as a fanartist on various doujin circles, publishing her art online as well. What she's really known for, however, is her enthusiasm for Magical Girls.

Well, it's not *just* Magical Girls. She enjoyed action shows in general, and would always give a show a chance.

Magical Daisy was actually her favorite show of all time. It was generally aimed as a kid's show, so it always had that kind of message that's obviously stated at the end.

But still, it had genuinely good characters, and it also had some nice action scenes. It wasn't afraid to tackle mature topics, explained in a way that kids could understand, too.

That was the charm of *Magical Daisy*.

So when Karin saw the final episode of the season, she couldn't help but feel a bitter taste in her mouth.

It's as if they switched writers just in the Season Finale.

Magical Daisy lost its charm with that one episode.

For one thing, Magical Daisy never used her powers for daily life things, and Palette never encouraged her to do so regardless.

Daisy only ever used her powers in emergencies, not to clean up the trash. *Magical Daisy* always emphasized that you do hard work, and it'll pay off.

And where's the fighting? Daisy was supposed to protect the earth, not do favors for it.

She's here to learn more about the human world, and happens to defend it when monsters show up. What kind of episode was this?

The Season Finale's ratings were at an all-time low as well.

Karin logged in to the discussion sites. She saw so many complaints, so many low ratings. She wanted to write a post defending the show, but not even *she* could defend that last episode.

"Miss Sonoda, just a reminder, you have about a week left before deadline," said her assistant.

“Uh… yeah, got it! Just finishing up the final parts,” replied Karin.

She had her own problems to deal with too.

As a newbie Manga artist, she was mostly freelance. She occasionally got hired by small-time authors and maybe get a contract to work on a Manga.

Most of her work is still online, she has to find other ways to make money and revenue, and not to mention paying rent.

But she loved drawing, so this was her life.

Maybe she’ll post a fancomic, a proper fanmade ending to Magical Daisy, resolving the plot thread of the latest season, that didn’t feel contrived or half-assed like the actual show’s finale.

That would be nice. It’s probably what they would’ve done, too.

Karin logged in to the discussion forum.

Her username,

Genopsycho.

She began typing.

Really disappointed with last week’s episode. Gonna try and make a fanmade ending. Should be done in a couple weeks. Work’s been rough.

A few responses.

Nice! Can’t wait. Love your art!

Yeah, last episode sucked bad.

No idea what they were thinking honestly. I hope Daisy gets a Season 2, though.

The room was quiet.

The girl took off her baseball cap.

She took off her green afro wig as well.

She changed from her jeans and overalls to a more comfortable outfit.
White lab coat.

Glasses.

She wore a Rubik's Cube necklace.

This is the Magical Girl, Keek.

She sat down on the chair, watching reviews of the latest episode plummet.

Hmph, people are so obsessed with violent insane Magical Girls, that they forget what a true ideal Magical Girl is like.

The room was dark.

The only thing lighting it up was the brightness of the television screen.

God, I hate these Land of Magic Anime.

She leaned on her chair. Her mind was thinking. She needed to fix things.

There were so many flawed Magical Girls. Magical Girls built on violence and death.

She needed to fix them all.

Her mind began forming thoughts, all floating one after another.

Keek closed her eyes, smiling as the thoughts began to form ideas into her head.

A game to force them to cooperate. To force them to fight for the power of friendship, and trust.

If these were true Magical Girls, they would find a way.

If they weren't… well, that just proves how flawed the system is, right?

Cherna Christmas

This story takes place a few months before Magical Girl Raising Project: Restart

To become a Magical Girl, you need a strong heart, a strong mind, and strong willpower. You also need to have some Magical Potential yourself. However, if you keep these requirements, almost anyone can be a Magical Girl.

Magical Girls can be from anyone. They may be called Magical *Girls*, but gender poses no barrier for it. Boys can become Magical Girls too. In fact, not even race poses a barrier, as you don't even have to be human to become a Magical Girl.

Finding delicious croquettes that are cheap can be quite hard. Sometimes store owners rip you off. You'd find cheap looking croquettes but they're actually burnt out.

Of course, you could go for the expensive ones, though that would mean spending more money.

Food has always been an important part of the Tatehara family. Almost all of them knows how to cook. Some more than others.

Tomoki Tatehara wouldn't have to buy these croquettes if his sister would've gone home like she said.

Usually, her sister Chika would just go back home, but ever since middle school, she seems to always be staying longer at school for 'extracurricular activities'.

Tomoki knew what it was, though. Baseball.

She was suddenly so into baseball, but she never even played baseball. All she does is watch the end-of-school baseball game, so Tomoki didn't really understand why she'd even bother with that, when you can just watch a baseball game on TV or something.

Tomoki had just gotten back from a Trading Card tournament too, but now he had to stop by the croquette shop to buy some food for his grandmother.

He spent the last of his allowance buying the food, and rode his bike back on the way home.

When he passed through the park, though, he figured a good rest is necessary. Thanks to his sister, he had to buy the croquettes first.

The store closed way before the tournament, and because of that, he came in late. He was already registered, so he apparently lost some points, which caused him to lose the tournament completely.

Frustrated, he went over to the bench, sat down, and ate some of the croquettes. The least he could do was enjoy something he earned today.

Nearby, he saw a girl.

She seemed to be hiding and crouching. Her outfit was strange. It was shaped like a mouse, and it had large ears like one too. It looked more like a jacket as well, and a bit like cosplay.

The girl seemed older than him, but she was hiding and crouching in wait.

Suddenly, she dashed towards him, still on all fours.

She stopped in front of Tomoki, and she tilted her head, looking at his croquettes in his hand. Tomoki was slightly confused, but he thinks he knows what she wants.

“…You hungry?” he asked.

The girl nodded.

Tomoki grabbed a fresh croquette from the bag, and offered it to the girl. The girl smiled brightly…

…And then she bit his hand.

“AAAAH!”

The girl chewed on the croquette while biting Tomoki’s hand, still with a happy expression.

After explaining why hand biting was *not* a good thing, the girl sat on the bench besides Tomoki.

“Sorry…” said the girl.

“It’s alright. Kinda weird, but it’s okay.”

“It’s because the smell was delicious, so Cherna ate it… Sorry for biting your hand.”

The girl, Cherna, began rubbing her belly.

She looked oddly innocent, so Tomoki decided to just forgive her for the whole thing.

“So, Cherna, huh? Is that you?” he asked her.

“Cherna is Cherna! Who are you?” she asked Tomoki.

“I’m Tomoki. Tomoki Tatehara.”

Cherna nodded, and Tomoki bowed slightly, introducing himself.

What kind of name was Cherna? Was she some kind of celebrity? It sounded like a stage name. Also, she didn’t seem Japanese from her features.

That, and Cherna isn’t a Japanese name either.

Cherna continued to rub her stomach,

“Cherna’s very full now!”

“Ah, really! That’s great.”

“But Cherna’s not the only one that’s hungry. Family’s always hungry.”

Family? Was she from a big family? Was she a big deal? How much influence does she have, he wonders, also, why doesn’t Tomoki even know her if she’s such a big deal?

“That’s why, you’re gonna help Cherna find food!”

Without warning, Cherna dragged Tomoki. Her strength was incredible, and it felt like he was being pulled across by a large force.

“Wa-Hey! Where do you think you’re going!?” asked Tomoki.

“Tomoki has food. Cherna wants to know where Cherna can get some.”

“I *do* have food, but I can’t get them anymore.”

“Why?” said Cherna confusingly.

“Cause… I don’t have any money left…”

“Why?”

“Er… well, I just don’t.”

“Tomoki is an adult, so Tomoki should answer more clearly,” said Cherna pouting.

“Adult? No, I’m not an adult. I’m just a kid! I’m in elementary!”

Cherna tilted her head in confusion. She widened her eyes like she was shocked. This girl seemed older than him, but why was she so surprised.

“Oh? Tomoki’s a kid? Cherna didn’t realize…”

“Yeah, I’m a kid, so…”

“So Cherna will just have to find new food with Tomoki the kid!”

She dragged him again,

“Eh!? Whoa, hey!” said Tomoki as he was pulled once again by Cherna.

Who was this girl? She was quite quirky and unique for someone Tomoki met at the park. At some point, maybe he’ll talk about it with his sister. What’s he even going to say?

I met an awesome girl today, we started off with her biting my arm, then she dragged me along to find food.

Okay, that doesn’t sound like a good conversation at all.

“We should find some stores!”

“Yeah, but I have no money, Cherna.”

“Oh… We should raid the trash!”

“We shouldn’t… raid the trash.”

“Oh… Tomoki’s right. Most of the food in trash cans are already eaten. Not good for gifts.”

“Well… you *could* say that.”

“Cherna wants to ask you questions!”

“Okay? Shoot.”

“Does Tomoki want to eat cat meat?”

“I… No!? What kind of question is that?”

“Does Tomoki want to beat up musicians?”

“Wha…”

“Oh, Cherna has another question. Cherna’s family lived in a hospital before. They said something about ‘new patience’. What does that mean? Cherna was very patient.”

“I think they mean patients.”

“Yes. New Patience.”

“Yes, the patients of the hospital.”

“Hospitals can be patient?”

“No, um…”

“Shhh! Be quiet Tomoki! There’s a dangerous person in there.”

“What? What dangerous person? Why are we crouched in the corner of a baking store?”

“There’s a ‘granny’ nearby.”

“Okay? I see her, what’s so dangerous about her.”

“Whenever Cherna’s distant family approaches a granny, they always scream and try to hit us.”

“That… I don’t think… that’s a thing… but okay?”

The old lady passed the road.

“Okay, Tomoki. We’re safe now. Cherna will protect you.”

“Cherna’s sweating. Cherna’s outfit is so hot…”

“It is? I thought it’d be perfect for the winter.”

“Cherna has no fur, so Cherna has to use the outfit.”

Fur?

“Cherna, why are you wearing something as… well, fantastic, as that?”

“Don’t ask, please.”

“Okay? Why not?”

“Tomoki’s memory will be erased if Tomoki knows the truth about Cherna”

“I uh… okay?”

It’s been a couple of hours, and they returned to the bench where they came back from.

Cherna started sobbing and crying, and while they had a lot of fun travelling around the city, Tomoki couldn’t help but feel sad that they didn’t manage to find some food.

“Cherna, you okay?”

“*Sniff*… Cherna won’t be able to return home… Cherna will not be a good member of Cherna’s family… Cherna has no food to give…”

The sight of this girl, who seems like an innocent soul, crying like this.

Tomoki resolved to do something about it. He only had one choice. It was late, but worth it.

“Cherna. Stay here, okay? I’ll be back.”

Tomoki rode back to his house as fast as he can, crashing his bike on the front porch as he quickly scrambled and opened the front door of his house.

In the living room he saw his sister Chika.

“Oh, hey Tomoki. You’re home late.”

“Can’t talk… Need food…”

“I can cook you up dinner if you-”

“No, no! I need to give someone food. I need really good quality food… It’s very important!”

Tomoki looked around, scrambling in the kitchen. Opening the fridge, looking in drawers.

Her sister looked at him with concern.

“You alright there, Tomoki?”

“I just need to give this girl some good food, okay? It’s super important, sis. So just lemme think in peace…”

Maybe his room had some good snacks? Most of the food in the fridge were ingredients, and no prepared food.

He ran upstairs, trying to find some kind of good quality food. He doubted there would be any, however.

He searched and searched around the house. No luck. Over 15 minutes have passed, and he was worried that Cherna would go home.

“Tomoki! Come down here, I wanna show you something,” said Chika from downstairs.

“Not now, sis! I’m looking for food!”

“I think I’ve got just the thing you’re looking for!”

Maybe she was right. She was the better cook after all, but what can she possibly come up with in 15 minutes?

He went downstairs, and saw Chika with a large bag with a gigantic lobster inside of it, prepared, cooked, ready to be served.

…What?

“Sis… how?”

“Shh, it’s a chef’s secret! Now, hurry up and give it to that girl you’re talking about,” said Chika, winking at him.

“Oh gosh, I love you, sis! Thank you sooo much! I owe you one!” said Tomoki, hugging Chika, and taking the bag away.

He pedaled all the way to the park, and found Cherna still waiting there.

He gave the bag to Cherna, who opened it with eyes wide.

“WHOA!!! FOOD!!! DELICIOUS FOOD!!!”

Cherna was about to eat it, but Tomoki stopped her,

“Wait! Weren’t you gonna show this to your family?”

Cherna tilted her head, “Oh… you’re right. Cherna forgot. Thanks Tomoki!”

Tomoki smiled at her.

Cherna hugged Tomoki. They both stood up, Cherna looking as bright as ever.

“Tomoki’s amazing! When Cherna grows up, Tomoki will be a part of Cherna’s family!”

“Thanks, Cherna. You’re a pretty cool girl, too!”

“When we grow up, we will have lots of babies and they will be our family!” said Cherna happily.

“W-Wait, what? Um… I think that’s being a little *too* forward, Cherna.”

“Oh… is that not how people do things? Cherna has a lot to learn. Thank you, Tomoki! Cherna will never forget you!”

With that being said, they hugged one last time, and waved a final goodbye.

Anna Sarizae had de-transformed.

Normally, she was the Magical Girl known as Miyokata Nonako, but now she’s just Anna, back at home.

She loved Japan, and she enjoyed living abroad here. The culture was amazing, and she got to become a Magical Girl, too! Just like the Anime shows! Not to mention, she became a Shrine Priestess-style Magical Girl.

It’s as if all of Anna’s dreams came true.

She had a pet hamster, Tama-Chan.

Walking into her room, she was surprised when she saw what was on Tama-Chan’s cage.

A gigantic lobster.

How on earth did this happen?

Well, it’s almost Christmas, so maybe it was some kind of gift from Santa, or the Magical Girl Santa, to Anna, for being a good Magical Girl.

If Magical Girls are real, who knows what else is.

She petted Tama-Chan’s head, and Tama-Chan looked happy from it. Anna took the lobster and prepared it for food. In the meantime, she also gave Tama-Chan some food too.

“Such a good girl, Tama-Chan!”

“*Chuu! Chuu!*” said Tama-Chan happily.

Yeah… Anna loved her new life in Japan.

A Wonderful Dream

This Story is set 1 Year after Magical Girl Raising Project
This Story is set a few months before Magical Girl Raising Project: Restart

There was a group of men in black suits. All of them wearing sunglasses, and carrying tommy guns. The room was filled with these men.

Opposing them on the other side was a costumed girl, with a black spandex suit, a starry purple cape, blonde hair, and a mask on her face.

The girl was grinning. She was confident, and not at all scared at the prospect of these villainous mooks.

“Time to meet your maker, lady! Light her up, boys!”

The bullets sprayed in every direction, as the blazing gunfire caused smoke to envelop in the room. As the men fired wildly, the flashing lights and blazing noises surrounded the building.

However, the bullets ricochet off the woman, as they gained speed again and began sticking into the walls and breaking windows.

When all is said and done, the woman was still standing, hands on her hips, standing tall and proud, with a smile on her face.

“Sorry, I don’t believe in any Maker so I’m not going to meet him today! What I *do* believe in is one thing… Justice!”

She leaped towards the men, and punched and kicked her way through the group. Unstoppable. No one could match her as they were all thrown across the room haphazardly. Every single one of them knocked out in one punch.

When all of them were defeated, the woman placed her arms on her hips, and puffed out her chest, flashing a smile.

“Evildoers beware! For you shall never escape the hands of the hero of justice, Masked Wonder!!!”

From outside the window, there was another girl, floating and clapping. She was in yellow pajamas, with cloudlike antennae popping out of her, and a pillow she rested on.

“Whoaa, that was so cool! You’re like a real American superhero!”

“You think so? You think that was a good show?” asked Masked Wonder.

The pajama girl simply nodded with glee.

It's been over a month since Masked Wonder had trained with this girl, and every time she did, it was in her dreams. She never quite knew why, but she'd always remember these dreams, and the skills she received in them would always stick with her in real life.

Konomi Mita had always followed rules. Ever since kindergarten she did. She was taught to follow *The Rules of Kindergarten* by both her teachers and her parents.

Not only was she diligent about rules, she'd regularly consult help from manuals, textbooks, and any other information she could find if she was stuck on something.

Konomi believed that rules keep order, and order results in safety. If everyone followed it, then everyone would be safe. Unfortunately, not everyone shared her mindset.

She remembered the day when everyone in kindergarten decided to play outside in the rain. It was quite a rainy season that time, every day of every week it rained pretty hard.

During recess, the rules stated that you shouldn't get too dirty and cold, and Konomi followed that to the letter.

There was nothing that said you couldn't play out in the rain, but Konomi knew that rainy weather with some grass can create muddy fields. The kids played and rolled around there, and although it was fine, they were supposed to clean up after themselves.

They didn't, being the kids they were, and soon it became lunchtime. Maybe it was because of all the contaminated dirt that the kids had gathered up, but later that week, many of the kids had stomachaches and were sick.

Almost most of the school had gotten it too, even the kids that actually cleaned their hands got sick. People like Konomi as well.

Whatever the disease was, it must've spread to the food. Most of the kindergarten kids were out for a week, and the school actually had a strange case where they had little to no students for about a week.

The week later, everyone laughed it off because it seemed like a funny incident. The week where nobody came to school. For Konomi, however, she could only see the pain in everyone when they were sick.

She felt it herself, since she also caught the disease, and it was a really bad one too. Puking, nausea, visits to the doctors.

Despite everyone laughing it off, Konomi didn't want to see any more kids suffer like that if she can help it.

It was a silly reason, probably something that she wouldn't have thought of had she been older, but for some reason, that feeling, that one feeling of wanting to make sure nobody will ever get hurt. It stuck to Konomi.

Of course, it was quite hard for her to balance her want for protecting others with her obligation to following the rules.

She'd resist any temptation by classmates to skip school, to cheat at tests, and to do anything that goes against both her and the school's rules. Needless to say, she was seen as a bit strict by others.

To her, though, rules keep everyone safe. If there were boundaries, people wouldn't cause trouble. There were always helpful instructions as well. Books and manuals to help you if you're confused.

Konomi always studied hard, too. She had fairly good grades as she continued on with her life, but at some point during elementary, everything was a blur.

Not in a metaphorical sense either, Konomi couldn't really remember much of what happened during her life towards middle school. It's as if the days just melded together.

But the last thing she did remember was that she had gotten a strange new phone, heart-shaped. Using it, she could transform into someone with a cape, black spandex, and a mask.

Not only that, she had amazing abilities and skills. The only thing she could recall were a few words to help her by.

Magical Girl.

How did Konomi become a Magical Girl? She couldn't remember.

Every time she tried to remember her circumstances, her head would hurt, or it would all become a blur.

She vaguely recalled small details, such as helping people, but that was about it.

What was Konomi supposed to do as a Magical Girl? Why was she chosen? Why was there no one to guide her? It was all very chaotic to her.

There were no rules set in place, no instructions, no help.

She even tried to search the internet, but only came up with manga and anime of Magical Girls. Feeling let down, she decided to ask anyone she might know. That included the people she trusted the most, her parents.

"Mom, dad… If you ever became a Magical Girl, what're you supposed to do?"

Her parents simply answered, "Wow, Konomi, we didn't know you were into those things now."

Konomi's research into something she didn't understand slightly worried her parents. Perhaps because they thought she isn't telling the truth.

Konomi wanted desperately to show her parents that she *is* in fact, a real Magical Girl, but that's when she remembered something.

You mustn't show your Magical Girl identity to anyone.

The one thing she remembered. The one rule she remembered. She felt like if she broke this rule, something really bad will happen to her.

With nowhere else to turn, Konomi began looking at the only source of information she could. Magical Girl anime.

She's seen a lot in her research. Really old ones that only had a girl and a broomstick, the ones where there was a team, the ones where it's really a parody, the ones meant for children, even ones that were slightly more mature.

All of them had one thing in common, many of the magical girls helped people. Konomi believed that this was the reason she was chosen.

She recalled her childhood wish, the wish she had to not let anyone else suffer. Perhaps this was her destiny after all.

Konomi wouldn't complain. She'd *love* to help others. But how would she find the time?

First of all, crime is fairly low in the city, there wasn't really much she could do, and it's not like she *wants* crime to happen. Also, she only had a limited time to go out as a magical girl. She's still in middle school, and she needs to study for exams and whatnot.

Rigorous studying and constant patrols made her body tire when she was in human form. She began sleeping earlier and earlier. That's when she began having the dreams.

The first dream was just like any other dream, or at least, this is what Konomi thought. She found herself in a gigantic cloudlike structure.

The clouds themselves had smiling faces staring down at her. The cloud she's on had no end, and stretched on to the horizon.

In front of her, however, was a DVD player. Next to it was a DVD. On the cover of that DVD was a masked hero, wearing a helmet with big bug-eyes and grasshopper-like antennae.

With nothing else left to do, Konomi inserted the DVD into the player.

She watched what seemed to be an old special effects show, a *Tokusatsu* show. She's seen snippets of these kind of shows, but this one was really old. Probably even aired before her parents were born.

A young man had been captured by an evil organization. The young man was being experimented on. However, the young man escaped the facility.

The young man had what appeared to be a belt, and he'd jump into his motorcycle, and as he rode it at full speed, he transformed into a caped hero.

He would fight the bad guys, strike a pose, and save the day.

Konomi continued watching, and watching, and watching…

She continued watching all the way until she woke up the next morning. What a strange dream, to be watching a TV show in a dream.

When Konomi woke up, she barely remembered the contents of the dream. Only fuzzy, hazy memories.

The next day, it happened again, Konomi dreamed the same dream. This was strange to her, as she never really had the same dreams twice.

As usual, she watched the DVD show, and became more entranced in the adventures of this masked rider.

As she continued to watch it, the memories of watching it became clearer and clearer to her when she awoke. She felt a sense of pride.

That man, he risks his life to protect others, but he's not getting anything in return. This was called *justice*. Something that Konomi wanted to do.

But she was just a student, how would she be able to do whatever that man did.

Then she remembered her powers. She was gifted, just like that man. Just like that man, she didn't know what to do with the powers. That man didn't get any instructions either, but he did what he believed in his heart.

Konomi understood now. She was gifted with powers and abilities, and to do right by them, she had to help people, even if there are no rules, teachers, or instructions.

After about a week of the same dream, Konomi finally finished what she assumed was the first season of the show. After the credits rolled, she heard a clap.

Clapping noises that came from behind her.

Konomi looked back, and she saw another girl.

Blonde hair, yellow pajamas, a pillow, and cloud-like things popping out of her shirt. She was clapping brightly and smiling,

"Wow… I really liked that show!" said the pajama girl.

"Who… are you?"

"I knew you'd like the show as well!"

“This DVD player, does it belong to you?”

“Hmm… Maybe? I think so!”

“What do you mean ‘maybe’?”

“My memory’s a bit fuzzy sometimes… I used to be able to just wander around to everyone’s dreams, but now it feels like I’m just drifting in and out…”

That’s when Konomi noticed that the girl had the same phone that she had. Heart-shaped, the Magical Phone.

“Hey! Hey, are you a magical girl?”

“Magical Girl? Hmm… I think so? It’s been so long… I don’t really remember much…”

Is this another magical girl? Wander in dreams? Was that her power? Konomi had so many questions to ask to the girl.

“A-Are you here to help me?”

“Hmmmm….”

“Hmm?”

“Mmm…. Maybe? I feel like I’m supposed to be in your dreams. Haven’t left for a long time, too. So… The answer is maybe! Ehehe…”

The girl was obviously a bit ditzy, but also friendly. She may just be someone that Konomi could ask for to help her.

The girl then nodded her head, and with a huge smile, she said, “I think I’ll help you out! It’s probably why I came here!”

With that answer, Konomi had finally found her mentor.

The heroine of justice! Her name was Masked Wonder, and she was a true hero, in both skill and looks.

And a true hero should have a good introduction!

“My name is Masked Wonder! Evildoers beware! For I fight for Justice!!!”

“Whoa… cool! You’re like an American comic book superhero! But shouldn’t you make it fast and quick?” said the pajama girl.

“Fast and quick, huh? Alright… How about this…”

Masked Wonder took a deep breath,

“I’m Masked… Wonder!!!”

“Hmm… Too awkward, and short. You should announce your presence like a hero! Think of how 60’s American heroes do it!”

Masked Wonder nodded.

“My name is Masked Wonder, Evildoers beware!”

“There you go, there you go! Short, simple, and amazing! But being a superhero isn’t just about looking and acting the part. You also have to learn how to *play* the part, too!”

The Pentagon. Masked Wonder is a longtime ally of the President of the United States. When evil descends down on the world, she’s the one who is called.

One day, a traitor within the ranks of the Secret Service has taken the President hostage, and taken over the Pentagon!

With almost no time to spare, Masked Wonder is called in to-

“Wait, wait wait. Do we really need this kind of setup? It’s a little overdramatic, don’t you think?” asked Masked Wonder.

“Of course! It makes for a better story! Besides, it’s a dream! Anything’s possible,” said the pajama girl.

“Wait, if it’s a dream, how am I supposed to remember any moves I do in real life?”

“Don’t worry about the details! I’ll make sure you remember, now pose for the camera!” said the pajama girl with a wink.

Masked Wonder trusted her mentor. She’d been training for a few days now, and she finally felt like she found a use for her gifts and abilities.

She grinned, and she placed her hands on her hips.

“Time to meet your maker, lady! Light her up, boys!” said the black-suited man as the men fired rapidly at the direction of Masked Wonder.

But the bullets simply ricocheted off of her.

“Sorry, I don’t believe in any Maker so I’m not going to meet him today! What I *do* believe in is one thing… Justice!”

Masked Wonder leaped into the crowd, and defeated them in a flurry of blows and hits. Afterwards, Masked Wonder didn’t forget to strike a pose,

“Evildoers beware!! For you shall never escape the hands of the hero of justice, Masked Wonder!!!”

When all's said and done, the pajama girl clapped,

“Whoaa, that was so cool! You’re like a real American superhero!”

“You think so? You think that was a good show?” asked Masked Wonder.

The pajama girl nodded happily.

“But to *really* up the stakes, you should fight a villain, right? The final challenge.”

“Um… sure! But, what kind of villain?”

“An opponent on your level of course! Another Magical Girl maybe…”

“A-Another?”

“Oooh, I remember one. She was a bit mean, but… I can recreate her, a bit nicer too! Here goes!”

A ten-gallon cowboy hat, and a woman that looked like a western cowboy approached Masked Wonder, and tipped her hat as she took a look at her.

“Hmhmhm, my name is Calamity Mary. A pleasure to meet you, Wonder.”

“Uhm… Hi?”

“This is what I call Beautiful Calamity Mary! It’s her without all her ugly sides, hehe…” said the pajama girl.

“The beautiful… what?”

“Now then, Wonder. Shall we duel?” said Mary as she unholstered two pistols.

“Wait, hold on!”

Bang Bang Bang!

Bullets hit Masked Wonder before she could react, but she was fine. She wasn't hurt in any way.

"Don't worry, it's a dream! Just focus on dodging them so you can do it in real life," said the pajama girl.

Nervously laughing in relief, Masked Wonder nodded, this time with a ready stance.

"Alright, Calamity Mary, bring it!"

"Round 2, Wonder! Draw!"

Masked Wonder and the pajama girl travelled to various other dreams. Apparently, the pajama girl can travel if Masked Wonder wanted to.

They arrived at someone who's personality would resonate with Masked Wonder. According to the pajama girl, this would be a perfect opportunity to train.

The location was a lush peaceful forest, with lakes and streams flowing around it.

Sitting in the center of it, was a girl dressed in blue. Black hair, white tiger cape, and jewels adorning her. She was sitting cross-legged, like being in a zen-like trance.

Masked Wonder peeked from the far side, curious about this girl.

"Hm? Someone there?" said the girl, opening her eyes.

In the blink of an eye, she threw a blue gem, and blue sparks appeared behind Masked Wonder as the girl disappeared and reappeared behind her.

"Hiya!" said the blue magical girl.

"Whoa! Y-You scared me!"

"Oh, whoopsies! Sorry about that. Wow… You're… *real*, aren'tcha? Like, an actual real Magical Girl? Not from my dream!"

Masked Wonder looked around, but her mentor was nowhere to be found. Looks like she's on her own for this one.

"Um, yeah! My name's Mas- Ahem, My name is the *Hero of Justice*, Masked Wonder!" said Masked Wonder as she placed her hands on her hips.

"Wow, you even have an introduction! I do too! Mine goes like this,"

The blue magical girl placed her right and left legs apart, leaned on her right leg, and crossed her arms in front of her face,

"The Sparkling Blue Dancer in the Battlefield… I am… Lapis Lazuline!" She shouted as she kept her pose.

Masked Wonder was very impressed with her. Her eyes widened with excitement as she saw how energetic her partner is.

"Okay, *that*… was cool!"

"Really? I haven't really gotten a chance to show it off to anyone yet, but thanks! So hey, your mentor brought you here to train with me, right?" asked Lazuline.

"Yeah, I guess?"

"Well, mine told me that the Dream World is one of many different places that exist, and that while rare, some Magical Girls can train with partners inside. It's why I've learnt to Lucid Dream."

"Lucid Dream?"

"Yeah, that's why I knew you were real and not just part of my dream! My mentor taught me lots of stuff. It doesn't help me remember the dream details though, so I'll probably not remember much about you when I wake up," said Lazuline slightly dejected.

"Oh… Well that's not good, right?"

"Not really… You seem really cool, *Masked Wonder*, hehe. I'll remember moves and stuff though. Trained myself to do that. So, whaddya say? Sparring practice?"

Masked Wonder nodded, smiling as she got ready to spar with her new partner.

"Alright… Three… Two… One… ReadyornothereIcomeGO!"

A quick teleportation and a kick to the face sent Masked Wonder flying. She was overwhelmed by the strength of this Lazuline person, but being a dream, it didn't hurt as much. So Masked Wonder got back up, wiped her face, and grinned.

In the following days, Masked Wonder became more active in dealing with daily activities.

She found a pile of trash, picked it up easily, and crushed it together into one small ball before throwing it in the garbage.

Then, she helped people find their way when they were lost, or she'd help move cars that were stuck, normal stuff that helped people.

But she actually wanted to face someone in battle. She knew that superheroes fighting supervillains wouldn't happen on a daily basis, but for once in her life, Masked Wonder felt free! Not bound by rules but still enforcing justice.

She wanted a taste of that freedom, and she wanted to fight an evildoer.

Then she saw some of her classmates, being cornered by some drunken college kids. Her classmates were about middle school age. There were about 5 of them, 2 boys and 3 girls, and they were being cornered by 2 drunken college boys.

Finally, a chance to help someone! A chance to become a hero of justice!

Masked Wonder jumped towards a telephone pole, and from the top, shouted her catchphrase to the 2 college boys.

"Step away, evildoers! For I am the embodiment of Justice, Masked Wonder!"

The 2 college boys looked up, "What the hell kinda bullshit stunt show is this?"

Masked Wonder jumped down, and with an easy punch to the chin, knocked one of them out. The other was kicked towards the ground, where he couldn't stand due to his drunkenness.

Masked Wonder smiled and placed her hands on her hips, looking at her classmates.

"Don't worry guys, you're safe now! Courtesy of... Masked Wonder! Hero of Justice!"

With a flash, she jumped back towards the telephone pole and ran across the wires, feeling glad that she managed to save some lives today.

The next day, at school, Konomi sat down and listened to the same classmates that she rescued the other day.

“I don’t know, like… we were being cornered, then suddenly this, this like… weirdo spandex girl comes in!”

Weirdo?

“Yeah she was kinda not right in the head y’know, but she managed to beat up those guys”

Not right in the head?

“Oh yeah, that part was a blur though. You remember what she looked like?”

“Nah, she had like some tight skinned spandex suit or something”

“Weird. Was she trying to go for the sex appeal or something?”

“Hah, what a perverted way of thinking. Still, she did save us, that was something. Gotta admit, she still looks like she’s cuckoo in the head.”

What?

Konomi wasn’t a weirdo, and she’s *definitely* not some pervert who wants to boost her sex appeal. She genuinely wanted to help these people.

She sighed and slumped at her table.

“Ah… That’s not good at all,” said the pajama girl.

“Yeah, and they called me some weirdo pervert girl, so today’s been a *great* day, yep!” said Masked Wonder while pouting.

She ranted to the pajama girl, ranting about what happened today, about how she didn't feel appreciated.

"You feeling okay?" asked pajama girl.

"I guess… It just sucks that I went to all that trouble and they treat it like it's nothing."

"Not getting praise can be a bit tough, huh?" said pajama girl again.

"Look, it's not like I'm doing it for the praise, it's just… I can't just sit there while someone's insulting me- or, one part of me. I can't just *take* that, right?"

"It's good to stand up for yourself, yeah"

"So I shouldn't just let 'em talk to me like that behind my back!"

"Well… It's not good to bully them about it either," said the pajama girl.

"Huh?"

"You're stronger than them, standing up for yourself is okay, but don't let something like that get to you," said the pajama girl with a smile.

Masked Wonder sighed,

"Look, I get where you're coming from, it's just… It's complicated. I'm stressed out about exams, schoolwork, magical girl stuff, and people aren't even taking me seriously, so…"

"So…?"

"I don't know, it sucks!"

"Mhm. Life's complicated right? That's why I like to sleep my problems away! Not care about the little stuff."

"Easy for you to say, you're practically God here, right?" asked Masked Wonder.

"Mm, yeah, but… Even if I weren't, I still wouldn't let it get to me. It's tiring to think about those kind of things. Just breeze through and you'll be fine!"

Masked Wonder took a deep breath, and calmed down a bit.

“Yeah, sorry about the rant, it’s just been an emotional month.”

“Something wrong?”

“Personal family stuff, that’s all.”

“Ah… Alright then!”

“Anyways, I was working on my final pose. Wanna see it?” said Masked Wonder, eager to show her mentor.

“Sure! Go for it!”

Alright, here goes nothing. She’s practiced this with her training partner many times before, so it should be easy now.

Left hand on chest, right hand stretched out, one leg curled, one leg stretched out, and then.

“My name is *Masked Wonder*! I am the embodiment of Justice! I am… a Magical Girl!”

Perfect! *Perfect*!

The pajama girl clapped harder than before, “Whoa! You’ve got everything right! Nice job, good job!”

“Yeah? That’s gonna be my official pose from now on!”

The pajama girl yawned before stretching her arms, “That’s great… Haaauh… Oh… Looks like I’m almost out of time in your dream,”

“So, see you again?”

“Oh… I was saying that… I really am out of time. I’m drifting away again.”

“Wait, what?”

“I was anchored to your dream before, but now I’m being pulled away… so, I guess this is goodbye, Masked Wonder.”

“Huh? But there’s still so many things I gotta learn, I-”

“Don’t worry! If you really need me, I’m sure I’ll drift on back to your dreams.”

“But I… Will I ever see you again?”

The pajama girl smiled,

“Just remember to always fight for justice okay? Don’t let anyone’s words get to you, stay positive!” said the pajama girl.

She held out her hand to Masked Wonder, and she took it, not wanting to let go.

“It’s almost morning, you’re going to wake up soon.”

“I don’t want to wake up, not yet…”

“Don’t worry, you’ll do fine. I know you will! You’ll remember everything you’ve learnt here. Use them to help others, no matter what.”

Masked Wonder nodded.

“No matter what. Okay…”

She would help justice. She would help those in need. No matter what people thought, no matter what people told her, she won’t back down from anything, and her ideals will never be broken.

With the last few moments in her dream, the pajama girl smiled as Masked Wonder said goodbye.

Konomi woke up, her right arm gripping nothing, and as she woke up, she rubbed her eyes. Tears were streaming down her face.

“Konomi, are you awake? Get ready, we’re going to be late,” said her mother from downstairs.

“Yeah, I’m coming.”

Today was the one-year anniversary of her cousin’s death. The long week that she’s been having, the emotional stress. The whole family was visiting her cousin’s family to offer them solace.

Her cousin had died in her 20s, a sudden heart attack. When she heard about it last year, she was surprised. How could she die so young?

Her name was Nemu Sanjou.

For some reason, Konomi felt something when she woke up that day. She felt closer to her cousin than she could before.

She wanted to help her, but she knew there was nothing she could do. Now, she'll use her powers to help others.

Her dreams were hazy, she could barely remember any details now. She still remembered her muscle movements and the things she had been taught.

The one thing she knew for sure, however, was her ideal to help others.

She shouldn't let anyone tell her what to think. Rules and laws could be exploited, though it's their ideals that mattered. That was Konomi's way of thinking.

She is the embodiment of justice. She is a hero. She is a Magical Girl.

She is Masked Wonder.

@NyanNyan in N-City

This Story is set 1 Week before Magical Girl Raising Project

This Story is set 1 Year before Magical Girl Raising Project: Restart

“Seriously? You’re a Magical Girl, too!?”

“All three of us are!!!”

“Oh my gosh, have you picked a name yet?”

“No, not yet”

“C’mon, Himari, we gotta give you a cool Magical Girl name!”

“Okay, what’s it gonna be?”

“Hmm… Ohohohoho”

“What? Why are you laughing?”

“Because I’ve got *just* the thing!”

“I don’t like where this is going…”

“Oh, you’ll love it. Ta-Daaa!!!”

“A… roulette?”

“Not just *any* roulette. A roulette with kanji and a bunch of other symbols in it! We’re going to decide your name THIS way!”

“Huh?”

“Okay, Himari… close your eyes… aaaaaaand *Roulette Start*!”

“Gah, okay, umm…”

“…Nyehe, what are the chances she’ll pick something like ‘dumb’… ooh, or something really offensive like ‘bullshit’!”

“Bullshit Girl? That’s the best Magical Girl name. C’mon Himari, you gotta pick!!!”

“Okay, okay… aaand, there!”

“What’d you get, what’d you get???”

“Uh… Um… @?”

“An *At Mark*??? BAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHA AAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHA! Oh Himari, this is… this is great… you’re great, PFFFFFHAHAHAHA!”

“Nggggh… Well, it’s you guys’ turns right?”

“Oh we already picked our names, Himari”

“*What*!? Why do I have to be the one that gets it randomized?”

“Cause you’re our little Nyan Nyan! Hehe, little Nyan Nyan. Oh, we should call you @NyanNyan!!! Perfect!”

“Aaaah, quit it, Ruuuu!!!”

“Oh look, she’s doing her little ‘Ru’ thing, that’s so cute! That’s your official quirk!”

“Huh?”

“It gives you a unique character, so you gotta say ‘Ru’ at the end of your sentences if you can, alright?”

“Yeah, Himari! Like *Zam*, *Mon*, or *Nyaa*! It’s like… a mark of your unique character”

“You guyssss”

The three of them were best friends.

Michiyo, Miyako, and Himari. The three girls were part of their High School Soccer Club.

They were avid fans of the sport, but aren’t exactly the best when it comes to the actual playing.

Still, they enjoyed their time at the club, playing after school whenever they can.

Himari was often called Nyan Nyan, because of her generally lazy catlike nature. Sometimes she’d miss a pass or fall asleep due to laziness somewhere, and her coach would scold her.

To her two best friends, that was a cute trait to have.

And imagine the excitement that Himari had when she found out that not only her, but her two friends had been chosen to become Magical Girls!

And so, Himari Tanahashi became @NyanNyan.

But unfortunately for Himari, it was in that test that she would lose everything.

Both Michiyo and Miyako had died.

It was a battle to the death.

The test had involved killing, and Himari was the sole survivor.

Whatever happened in that test had been forgotten by Himari. Perhaps as a result of a suppressed memory, or a case of a trauma-induced coping mechanism.

What she did remember was that her two best friends had died. Someone killed them, and Himari was the only survivor.

She couldn't even remember the details.

Since then, Himari couldn't function at school. Soccer made her depressed, since her two friends loved it.

Laughing made her sad too, since her two friends would always laugh with her.

She just couldn't function anymore.

She had retired from being an active-duty Magical Girl, and she had transferred schools.

At her new location, she lay low, and never really stood out. It's better to be alone at times like this.

However, even though Himari had quit being a Magical Girl, her skills were still useful to the Land of Magic.

In fact, Himari's part-time job is to the Land of Magic. Paying her for her services.

@NyanNyan's Magical Skill is 'to encase objects in bills or scrolls'. Regardless of their size, mass, or shape, as long as they are not organic creatures, @NyanNyan can store them.

This makes @NyanNyan the perfect delivery woman.

At a predetermined time, a group of Magical Girls would let her know a delivery is coming. They'll tell her the destination, and should she accept, then representatives will come carrying the package.

These representatives from the Land of Magic often come with human disguises, since most Magical Girl costumes are outlandish and attract attention.

Women and Men in worker clothes, delivering boxes towards @NyanNyan's home.

@NyanNyan wouldn't really ask what's inside. Sometimes there are dangerous artifacts,
weapons, or chemicals that needed to be transferred to a secure location, and for that reason, @NyanNyan never opened any packages unless it was part of the job.

And it pays well, sometimes. It's variable. Depends on the package, importance, and distance travelled of course.

But @NyanNyan made a living, and she was content.

School semester's almost beginning. Soon it will be the Fall semester, then Winter break.

But @NyanNyan doesn't have time to think about that. She's meeting a client over at the
subway station.

A man in blue jeans, and a regular shirt approached @NyanNyan. She was waiting at a local coffee shop on the station.

The man sat down with a large package.

@NyanNyan sipped a cup of coffee.

"So, where am I going?"

“N-City,” said the man.

“Do I wanna know what’s in this box?”

“They’re new Magical Phones. N-City’s resident Master ordered them a couple days ago. Says she’ll begin the tests soon, and that the girls would want the new phones.”

“Phones? All this for new Magical Phones?”

“Well… to be fair, it’s got some new features. Land of Magic says it has downloadable items, data transfer, all that good stuff.”

“Ah well, I’m the messenger, I don’t ask questions.”

“True enough.”

The man took something out of his pocket. A train ticket, and a list.

“Ticket to N-City and an address list. Leave now. Deadline’s coming soon,” he said as he
stood up and left.

@NyanNyan continued sipping her coffee as she watched the man walking away.

N-City.

One of the largest cities in Japan today. Ever since the merger happened a couple of years ago, several large metropolitan style construction has happened.

This has resulted in huge sections of Japan being modernized. N-City, a harbor city, was
one of these, and is probably the largest one.

It’s known for its mix of traditional and modern architecture. You can see old-style Japanese buildings mixed with new modern sleek buildings.

This was not @NyanNyan’s first time visiting N-City.

On the train ride there, she can’t help but remember old memories. Painful ones, but still

old memories.

Michiyo and Miyako. They were with her on a school trip to N-City.

It was a field trip, and one that they looked forward to, since N-City was admittedly a pretty large and popular destination.

She remembered when they snuck out of their hotels late at night in order to enjoy the sights and sounds of the city.

@NyanNyan misses them a lot.

But now there's no time to think about that. Her first delivery destination is the ruins of an
abandoned construction project.

The place seems empty.

There was a shell of a building. It looked to be some kind of *Love Hotel*, but whatever it is, they stopped building it about halfway.

Now it's just another abandoned construction site, a victim of rapid modernization.

With no one outside, @NyanNyan decided to enter what was supposed to be the lobby of this would-be hotel.

There, she found a Magical Phone lying on the receptionist counter.

A stereoscopic 3D image of a black and white creature appeared.

"Welcome! Welcome, Pon! I'm so glad you made it safe and sound! Welcome to N-City, Bon! My name is Fav! You must be the one delivering all the Magical Phones, Pon!"

@NyanNyan felt a strange sense of familiarity.

Fav?

"Have we met?"

"Hm? This is the first time I've seen you, Pon! Perhaps you've met another Cyber Fairy?

We *are* mass-produced for test administrators y'know, Pon?"

"That makes sense. Anyway, yeah, I have the Magical Phones you asked for."

"Great! You can leave one with me, Pon! Unfortunately, my Master would prefer she not show her face. Your other contact is waiting on the roof of this building, Pon! Oh… by the way, I'd prefer if you keep the tests we're about to conduct a secret, okay, Pon?" Fav said, while winking.

@NyanNyan shrugged.

"Sure, I guess. Here you go."

She took out one of the new Magical Phones, and placed it on the counter next to Fav.

Next, @NyanNyan climbed up towards the roof. Waiting for her there was a short Magical Girl. She looked almost like a robot, with a jetpack behind her.

"Ah, you're here! At last!" she exclaimed happily.

"Hey. Yeah, the new Magical Phones are here," said @NyanNyan.

The robotic Magical Girl ran up to her and offered her hand.

Reluctantly, @NyanNyan shook it.

"Magicaroid 44 at your service! It's a pleasure to meet you!"

"@NyanNyan"

"At mark? An actual At mark? You pronounce that? Hm… That's funny, but that's your name, so, whatever works for you!"

@NyanNyan didn't realize the blunder she made. She instinctively blurted out her name,
even though it was a ridiculous name by itself.

This robot, Magicaroid 44, she had a cool name.

"Y'know… Magicaroid 44 is a pretty cool name…"

“You think so? My friends chose it for me”

Her friends?

“Really? Are they Magical Girls too?”

“No, I just asked them what a cool Magical Girl name would be, and they told me a robot
girl named Magicaroid would be awesome.”

“Oh, that’s nice”

@NyanNyan smiled a bit.

The mention of friends would always remind her of those she lost, but she couldn’t help but smile when others had good friends like her.

But now is delivery time. She took out 5 Magical Phones.

“It’s a lot for one girl,” she said.

Magicaroid 44 nodded.

“Well, this spot is actually a fairly good meeting spot, since it borders about 4 other districts. Calamity Mary would come here sometimes. Top Speed comes here too, she’ll take 2. One for her and one for her apprentice. Oh, Nemurin also comes here occasionally.”

So many Magical Girl names.

Looks like @NyanNyan went to the right place.

Magicaroid 44 took out some money from her hand.

“One thousand Yen. Cheap delivery price. I like it. Thanks!” she said to @NyanNyan.

@NyanNyan nodded, and moved on to her next address.

The next delivery place was in the Temple District. The center of it. 5 Magical Phones,

but like before, only one recipient.

She arrived at the place, and knocked on the door.

Answering it was a purple haired Magical Girl. She wore a white royal attire, with a flowing cape as well.

@NyanNyan took out the 4 Magical Phones and offered it to this girl.

“Hi, are you Ruler?”

“I am. What do you want?”

“Your new phones are here.”

Ruler’s eyes widened as she looked at the new phones she received. She grabbed hold of one, and slowly she began to… have a strange expression of smiling *and* scowling at the same time.

“…What the hell? Why are the screens heart-shaped?” Complained Ruler.

“Huh? Oh. Not sure. But hey, you get a lot of cool new apps and features in that one.”

“Yes, but it’s *heart-shaped*.”

“You can kind of still see the screen.”

“But it’s supposed to be designed for *functionality* not *appearance*! Damn it, someone up
top needs to be fired.”

Ruler facepalmed herself.

@NyanNyan shrugged. She was just the messenger, not the one that actually created these phones.

Then there was a crash from inside the temple, and some shouting.

“Ruuuuuuleeeeer!!!”

“Ruler! Ruler!”

Two small voices screaming out.

Ruler's veins in her forehead were popping out as she seemed visibly irritated.

"*What*!? What is it *now*? Can't you two see I'm *busy*?"

Two angelic twins swooped in next to Ruler.

"Ruler! Tama made a hole in the dining room!"

"A *really* big hole, like, we can barely eat there anymore!!!"

Ruler shook his head.

"I can't leave you guys for 5 minutes…"

The angel twins noticed the new Magical Phones.

"Oooh, are those our new phones?"

"I wanna! I wanna! Magi-Cool!!!"

Ruler hid the phones behind her back.

"Uh-Uh-Uh! Waaait! You're not getting that yet. Be *patient* dammit. Now, to deal with the hole problem."

Ruler marched over with the angel twins towards another part of the room.

@NyanNyan could hear Ruler screaming.

"Tama! What did I say about holes *in* the temple? Bad dog! *Bad dog*!"

There was another voice from inside.

"It was an accident, I swear… I-I'm sorry!!!"

"Tama, we can't afford to *repair* it! Bad dog!"

"Nyaaaaa!!!"

@NyanNyan couldn't help but smile.

Ruler's got herself a small little family here. This was a nice setup. Quietly, @NyanNyan thought to herself,

'Okay, next one'

"Thank you soo much for all your hard work!"

Her next delivery address was a steel tower located near a beach.

When she climbed up, she noticed two Magical Girls.

One was a knight-style Magical Girl with dragon motifs. A Dragon Knight.

The other had a middle school sailor suit uniform.
The sailor suit girl had offered @NyanNyan a small stay at the steel tower, to relax and socialize a bit.

The two girls were very nice in fact.

The Dragon Knight started first.

"I'm La Pucelle. This is Snow White."

"Oh… I'm @NyanNyan. There's really no need to get to know each other. I'm just a delivery girl."

The one named Snow White shook her head.

"What are you talking about? You came all the way here to deliver us our phones, right?"

The one named La Pucelle nodded.

"Stay for a bit. Enjoy the sights. I've got some drinks if you want. Snow and I come up here quite often."

@NyanNyan could hear Snow White screaming in glee.

"Sou-Chan! Sou-Chan!!! Look! It's so *cute*!!!"

La Pucelle chuckled.

“You like the new phones, Snow?”

“Yes!!! Oh my gosh, they’re so cute!”

@NyanNyan smiled again. Then she spoke,

“So you two know each other?”

La Pucelle nodded again.

“Snow and I go way back. We kind of got separated for a bit, but now we’re here.”

Snow White sat down next to them and said,

“Me and Sou-Chan knew each other since we were kids!”

@NyanNyan drank the juice offered by La Pucelle.

“Sou-Chan? Is that your name?” she asked La Pucelle.

La Pucelle grinned and chuckled,

“Ehehe, a little nickname she gave me. Really, La Pucelle is fine, too”

Friends that go way back.

These two had a close relationship. They were so cute, playing around like this. From the looks of it, they seemed younger than @NyanNyan.

@NyanNyan wondered if she could have something like this with her two friends.

She spent a few hours just enjoying the sunset with the two Magical Girls. Then, it was time for her to go.

The next delivery was in an apartment building.

A nun Magical Girl was waiting for her. Sister Nana.

“Thank you for the delivery, Ms. @NyanNyan.”

“Oh… hehe, @NyanNyan’s fine.”

“You’ve come far to N-City. I appreciate the effort”

“Oh, it’s nothing. Y’know, it helps pay the bills, and N-City’s a great place and all that.”

“But still, you worked hard,” said Sister Nana as she grinned.

Sister Nana began transferring data from her old Magical Phone to her new one.

Another girl with a coat and a muffler approached her. Weiss Winterprison.

Winterprison widened her eyes.

“Uh, wait, Nana.”

“Hm. Is something wrong?”

“The picture…”

@NyanNyan was curious, and she took a peek at Nana’s phone.

On the screen was a picture of Winterprison’s sleeping face, with Nana snuggled up to it,
smiling happily.

Sister Nana chuckled.

“Oh, this? I took this last week when you were sleeping. I’m sorry, you were just too cute.”

Winterprison shook her head.

“No no, I don’t mind that. I’m talking about what you’re *wearing* in that pic.”

“Huh? Oh! I was trying out some cosplay!”

“Cosplay? Of what?”

“*Cutie Healer*! You don’t know *Cutie Healer*, Winterprison? You’re out of touch! Okay. We’ll marathon it. It’s a *great* Magical Girl anime, you’ll love it.”

“Huh? Uh… oh… well, sure, Sister Nana,” said Winterprison smiling.

These two were cute together too.

A relationship that seemed to be built up over a long period of time. @NyanNyan enjoyed watching them talk.

But again, her job was done. Unfortunately, it was time to go.

On the train ride back home, @NyanNyan pondered about her short time in N-City.

The Magical Girls she met. They were all so happy. So full of life. Reminds her of herself
back then.

They had their own little families. They were at peace. @NyanNyan actually wished she could get along more with them. Talk to them more. Get to know them.

She wished she could just move on with her life.

About a year has passed since then.

@NyanNyan regretted not staying longer when she was in N-City. She had regretted not
making more friends.

It’s time for her to start being happy again.

Then she got a message.

A Magical Girl only social game.

Magical Girl Raising Project.

The reward for completing the game is a *lot* of money. Is this spam? Is this the real

deal?

If @NyanNyan wins this game, she'd have a lot of money, and wouldn't have to accept odd jobs again.

It seems too good to be true.

@NyanNyan didn't really know, but whatever it is, it just transported her into a new world.

Flat, desert-like wastes as far as the eye can see. Crumbled, ruined, ancient buildings. A
total complete Wasteland.

Skeletons arrived.

Yes. Skeletons.

Luckily, they were easy enough. @NyanNyan was no stranger to fighting, and skeletons barely posed any threat to her.

And so she moved on, until she saw what seemed to be a collection of buildings in a plaza.

At the center, was another girl. In a skintight battlesuit, with a visor.

That girl saw @NyanNyan approaching and immediately ran over to her.

"A-Ha! At last, another friendly face! Greetings there, friend! My name is Yumenoshima Genopsycho!!!"

Genopsycho?

Yumenoshima?

What a strange name. Maybe she was stuck with that name too. Maybe her friends gave
her that name as well.

No, that can't be true.

That girl said her name with a proud tone. A very proud tone. So Genopsycho must be

her own choice.

Genopsycho’s smile. It was the same smile as Michiyo and Miyako. A smile free of any care in the world.

“@NyanNyan... Sorry… we couldn’t- *cough*”

Miyako couldn’t stand up.

She was coughing blood.

She was dying.

Michiyo was next to her. Already beaten. Already dead.

“M-Miyako, please…”

“Run… D-Don’t cry okay?”

“We have to go, Miyako!”

Miyako smiled, and rolled her eyes back.

She wasn’t breathing.

@NyanNyan’s memory was distorted. Someone called out to her from back then. A silhouette. Why can’t she see who it was.

Her voice was also darkly distorted.

Why can’t @NyanNyan hear what she really sounded like.

“Last one standing. I’d like a good fight.”

Who is she?

Who is this woman?

Who killed her friends?

Present. Genopsycho in front of her. @NyanNyan lost her balance.

Genopsycho caught her as she fell.

“Whoaa, there, are you okay? Need some water or something?”

@NyanNyan’s head hurt. A flashback? A flashback with a corrupted memory.

@NyanNyan shook her head.

“It’s fine. I’m fine.”

Genopsycho smiled, and put her hands on her hips.

“Alright then! What’s your name, partner?”

@NyanNyan had to live on. This was her chance. She had to live on for her friends’ sake. Genopsycho had their smile.

@NyanNyan laughed.

Maybe she laughed because she was happy. Maybe it was because she was hiding her real feelings.

Maybe she was just glad she had a chance to make another friend.

So let’s start over. Michiyo and Miyako would be happy for that.

Let’s start with Genopsycho.

Let’s be happy again.

@NyanNyan had to become @NyanNyan.

“My name is @NyanNyan, nice to meet you, Ru!” she said, with the biggest smile she had in a year.

Playing with Top Speed

This Story is set 3 Weeks before Magical Girl Raising Project
This Story is set 1 Year before Magical Girl Raising Project: Restart

Ayuna Sakanagi looked up to Ruler.

She was the ideal one. She was the correct one. She was the one that knows what to do, when nobody else would.

So of course, her words should be law, right?

Ayuna thought so. Ruler was the one person she would always trust. She often wished to become like Ruler.

One day, she will be able to. She just knows it.

Ring Ring!

Ayuna's thoughts were interrupted with a phone call. The words on the screen spell out a name of a close friend of hers.

Tama.

Ayuna answered her phone.

"Yes?"

"Swim-Chan? Where are you? Everyone's already waiting in the café!"

"…Café?"

"For the trip! Did you forget? We're going on a picnic, remember!"

"…Where?"

"The mountainside! You should come quick, Ruler's getting a bit impatient waiting." Ruler was organizing something? Swim Swim must've forgotten about that. This is troubling. Ruler might get angry at her.

She'll have to find some way of making it to her in time.

Tsubame Murota didn't exactly like the word 'play'. To her, it reminded her of her kindergarten and elementary school years, where a lot of kids would just ignore her to play with someone else.

It was a silly thing to dislike. Even Tsubame thought so. She was sure the feeling would pass soon enough.

She even used to resent the thought of settling down and getting married. Yet here she is, with a loving husband and a baby on its way.

Tsubame is an energetic girl, always willing to go the extra mile, and looking for new opportunities.

Her husband, Shoichi Murota, was a calmer and quieter man. He worked at the City Hall, trying to make ends meet for the both of them.

"Honey, I'm going to be home late today," he said to her, as he was preparing his suitcase for work.

Shoichi was all dressed up in a fancy suit and tie. Ready for whatever political machinations that City Hall would have for him.

"Drinking out with the boys?" asked Murota with a smile.

"No, nothing like that. Reporter's interviewing me for an exclusive. Might take a while. Can you handle it here?"

"I'll be fine! The one that should be worrying is you, after all, I'm gonna be here watching you on TV for that exclusive," said Murota with a wink.

They both shared a chuckle.

They embraced each other with a hug.

Shoichi then released his embrace, and unconsciously, his eyes drifted towards Tsubame's stomach, which had a light bulge.

Tsubame noticed. She gave a wry smile.

"Shoichi… are you trying to tell me I've gained weight?" She said with a smile.

Shoichi was startled, and he scratched his head with a chuckle.

“No, nothing like that. It’s just… I’m worried about the baby.”

Murota smiled.

“Don’t worry. We’ll find a way. Focus on your interview, ‘kay?” said Murota, who leaned in forward to give Shoichi a kiss goodbye.

“Love you.”

“You too… Sorry, I was just… worried.”

“I know.”

After the two shared that small kiss, Murota waved goodbye as Shoichi as he left for his car.

With the doors locked, Murota sighed deeply.

She’d been staying at this house for the most part. She didn’t exactly want to tell any of their neighbors that she was pregnant.

It’s been over 3 months since her pregnancy, and that was the same time that she became a Magical Girl.

Ever since she realized about her baby, Murota had spent less time outside, for fear of being judged due to her pregnancy. Shoichi supported her as best as he could, but Murota wished there was a way to repay him back.

As the boredom grew and grew, Murota decided to download a game, *Magical Girl Raising Project*.

To most other players, the reasons for playing the game are due to either the theme or the rumors surrounding it.

To Murota, it was because it was free.

Murota had gotten used to playing single-player games, since she was such a loner as a kid. Playmates are something that she never really had.

Then she was chosen to become a real Magical Girl.

A mix of emotions ran inside of her. Joy, but also fear.

“You’ve been chosen to be a real Magical Girl, Bon!” said a black and white spherical creature.

“…I can’t.”

“Oh, and why is that, Bon?”

“I have… I have a baby. I can’t go out protecting people with a baby on the way.”

The creature twirled around, dropping sparkling glitters in its path.

“Aw, don’t worry about *that*, Bon! Transforming into a Magical Girl both hides your pregnancy *and* ensures your baby’s safe, Bon!”

“Really?”

Of course, when Top Speed transformed, her stomach was back to her usual self. No sign of pregnancy whatsoever.

However, the pregnancy itself still continued. Which meant that as long as she stayed like this, she can protect her baby *and* do some good in the world.

And so, the Magical Girl known as *Top Speed* was born.

Present day, Top Speed snuck out the window, locking it behind her. Her broomstick, *Rapid Swallow*, was ready and waiting for her.

She zoomed out towards the horizon, speeding so fast that no one could possibly catch her in their eyes.

The first thing she was going to do was visit Ripple, if that was possible. That girl is hard to get in contact with, and also is a bit stubborn.

Top Speed was stubborn too back in her younger years.

Playing by herself, not wanting the company of others, that was such a waste of a potentially happy childhood.

Being a loner like that, not having someone you trust to talk with, that wasn't something that anyone should go through.

Ripple is like that now. Top Speed will be there for Ripple, though. Ripple should have some friends, experience something great.

If Ripple can find someone that she trusts enough to talk to her, and maybe even open herself up a bit more, then Top Speed will have done her job as both mentor and friend.

Of course, she first had to contact Ripple.

She turned on her Magical Phone mid-flight. You shouldn't call while driving, but she's sure the rules don't apply to speedy flying broomsticks.

"Hello? Ripple? You there, buddy?"

No answer.

Of course.

Top Speed shrugged. Ripple would always do this. Luckily, if Top Speed *really* wanted to find her, she could easily speed across the city. The eyes of a Magical Girl are sharp, and she could spot her in a crowd if she wanted to.

Then Top Speed's Magical Phone rang.

Ripple?

No, it's not her. It's someone else.

She picked up the call,

"Hello?"

"I need help"

"Well, sure thing, complete stranger! Just gimme a sec and I'll head on over. Oh, how rude of me, I'm Top Speed, what's your name?"

"My name? …It's Swim Swim."

Swim Swim. The Magical Girl under the protection of Ruler. Top Speed knew Ruler, but those other girls of hers don't talk much to strangers.

"Swim Swim? Honestly, I'm kind of surprised that you'd call me out of the blue. What's up?"

"I have to go somewhere fast. A mountaintop retreat."

"Ah… so you need a taxi service, huh? Gotcha, gotcha. Where do you wanna be picked up?"

"…Temple District."

"Alright, catch you in a bit!"

Swim Swim called her. That's a rarity. She said she had wanted to reach the mountainside. What for? Top Speed didn't really know.

She did guess that it might have something to do with Ruler. Swim Swim's not the type of girl that would just willingly go out to a mountain retreat.

Well, before she does anything, she'll have to take care of her own responsibilities first. She took out her Magical Phone, and made a text towards Ripple. First thing's first, Ripple lives near the Red Light District. That's Calamity Mary's territory.

The two of them don't get along at all.

Without Top Speed's supervision, she was worried that Ripple might pick a fight with Mary, even if both of them knew that Mary was a dangerous and crazy individual.

Top Speed couldn't risk it, so she wanted to ensure that Ripple stays away from the Red Light District.

```
Ripple. Heading out to Red Light. Gonna apologize to Mary about that
                thing you did last week in her turf
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Top Speed had to use different tactics to appeal to Ripple.

This message was probably going to make Ripple hate Top Speed, but the important thing is that Ripple stays out of Mary's way.

If Ripple thought Top Speed was chatting it up with Mary, Ripple wouldn't even want to get close to them.

Top Speed sighed. The things she does to keep Ripple safe are more important than what Ripple thinks of her as a person.

She clicked send.

30 seconds later, a reply from Ripple.

...Tch

So Ripple *was* on the phone. As expected, she probably wouldn't answer any calls. Still, at least Top Speed knows she got the message.

Now to actually deal with Mary.

She called a number.

"Magicaroid! Buddy! I need you to do me a favor… Wha-nonono, it's not that… Well, yes it *is* that. I need you to distract Mary for just a few hours… Yes, yes, I'll pay you… Wha- 5 *thousand*!? It's just a few *hours*… I know it's dangerous, but you've made it work before… C'mon, 4 thousand… No? Alright, 3 thousand… C'mon, Magicaroid… Alright, alright, but do we have a deal? Great! Knew I could count on you!"

Click

Mary's busy, Ripple won't come near her.

Now she can take care of Swim Swim's request.

She zoomed towards the Temple District, and using her Magical Girl vision, she spotted the one girl in a white swimsuit.

She wondered how Swim Swim could go out in public like that. Wouldn't it attract questions? Of course, Top Speed's case would be even weirder.

With Swim Swim, at least some excuse can be made for why you're wearing a swimsuit.

Top Speed had a full witch outfit. The best explanation *she* could give is Cosplay.

Top Speed wasn't really all that creative with her outfit choice. She just chose a cute Magical Girl-looking outfit and went with it.

But enough thinking around, time to actually pick her up.

She zoomed down near Swim Swim.

"…Top Speed?"

"Heya! I'm the Magical Witch! Top Speed! Nice to meetcha!"

"…Swim Swim."

"Ah, cute name. I remember you from the call. So, ride on!"

Swim Swim nodded, and took a seat behind Top Speed.

"Alright, buckle up, this is gonna be fast."

In an instant, Top Speed boosted the broom towards the sky.

Normal humans would feel the rush and probably be sick or affected in some way. Luckily, these two are Magical Girls, so their bodies are far more resistant.

"…Fast"

"Cool, huh? You can see all of N-City from here!"

"…High up"

"Yep! It's pretty relaxing once you get used to it!"

Swim Swim seems a bit mellow. She looked like a high schooler, so maybe she was like Ripple. A bit of a loner maybe?

"Hey, Swim Swim. How's school?"

"…I don't go to school."

Whoa. Unexpected. Top Speed won't judge her, though.

"Do you have any friends?"

"…Ruler says I don't need anymore friends"

"Whaaat? Y'know, I know Ruler personally"

"…You do?"

"Yeah! We're both veteran Magical Girls, after all. She's my friend"

"Ruler's… friend?"

"And I bet you're her friend too"

"I'm…"

Swim Swim looked like she was interested now. However, she was still at a loss for words.

"Listen, Swim Swim, from the way Ruler treats you all, I know she cares for you guys, she can just… have a hard time showing it"

"…Ruler's word is the right one"

Top Speed can't exactly interfere with any relationship Swim Swim had. Still, though. The least she could do is nudge her in the right direction.

"Y'know, no matter what Ruler says, she does consider you her friend."

"She does…?"

"Why else would she say you don't need any other friends? Might be a little harsh, but I think she cares about all of you, a lot."

Swim Swim hugged Top Speed tightly.

"We're getting late… let's go."

"Whoa, you're right. Time to speed it up!"

And with a quick zip, suddenly, in only a few seconds, they were flying over the mountainside retreat.

Top Speed's broomstick had transformed into a flying motorcycle-like hybrid. With that transformation, the speed increased dramatically than before.

Top Speed could see the wings of two little angelic figures.

The Peaky Angels, Minael and Yunael. Gently, she landed the broomstick near them.

"WHOA!" cried out Yunael

"Oh my god, an *intruder*!" Minael said.

"NYA!?" came a cry from elsewhere in the forested area. Top Speed looked around to see a girl in a dog suit inside a hole in the ground.

"S-Swim Swim!?" said Yunael.

"Why did you bring *Top Speed* here? You trying to sabotage us or something?" Minael said.

"…Sorry. I had to be fast because-"

“Because this idiot forgot the memo and was late to the party.”

A voice from behind them all.

Purple haired Magical Girl. Long staff and cane, with a cape and tiara.
Ruler.

“Swim Swim, did you *forget* about this? Not only did you come here late, you had to drag someone else along with you!?”

“Sorry… Ruler”

Top Speed disembarked from her broomstick. She took out a small lunchbox hidden in her broomstick’s compartments.

This lunch was supposed to be for Shoichi when he got back, but perhaps it’s best to cook another later, and use it now.

“Hey, Ruler! Buddy!”

Top Speed walked in front of Ruler and lightly tapped her shoulder.

“Huh!? What are you doing?”

“Just came to check up on ya. I wanted to visit you in the temple but there was only ol’ Swim Swim here. Asked where you were and she said somewhere in the mountains, so I took her here. Might as well, right?”

“You wha?” asked Ruler dumbfounded.

“…Huh?” Swim Swim herself was confused.

Top Speed turned around to the angels and Swim Swim.

“Lookie here, even cooked lunch for your picnic! Delicious. Guaranteed! Try it out!”

She offered it to Swim Swim, who slowly took it from her hands.

In an instant, Top Speed turned around back to Ruler, wrapped one arm around Ruler’s shoulders, and walked off with her.

“Now, let’s talk a bit private. Got somethin’ us veterans need to say.”

“Wait, huh!?”

Finally out of earshot. Top Speed looked at Ruler with a more serious look.

Top Speed breathed in.

“Look. I’m not gonna tell you how you should run things with your group. But those kids, they look up to you, at least from what Swim Swim tells me.”

“What the hell are you trying to do, Top Speed?”

“All I’m saying is… kids can be rough. Alright? They can be troublesome, tiring, you’re taking care of 4. That’s a lot. Just give ‘em some slack, okay?”

Top Speed winked at Ruler and smiled.

Ruler was slightly speechless, and her face was slightly blushing with embarrassment and anger.

“I’ll have you know, I know how to handle my team. More than you know how to handle your little nuisance of an apprentice”

“Oh, I’m not arguing on that, Ruler. Ripple’s a different beast entirely.”

“Th-Then don’t tell me how to lead *my* team”

“Alright, alright. Now, on to the more important things. Picnic! I’ll join ya for a bit, kay?”

“I never asked you to jo- GAH!”

Top Speed dragged Ruler’s arm and went back into the group of other girls. This time, Tama was among them as well.

“Alright, let’s get this picnic started!” shouted Top Speed happily.

For the whole day, Top Speed spent her time chatting and talking to Ruler’s team. Just before dusk, though, Top Speed had said her farewells.

She didn’t know much about the relationship between Ruler and her 4 teammates, but she knew that there was a reason those 4 followed her.

Ruler is a harsh leader, often giving punishments for the slightest mistakes, but Ruler was also a loving leader, who cares for her team.

Which one comes out at a specific moment depends on Ruler's emotional state.

She was sure there was a reason for Ruler's personality changes. But personal things aren't something Top Speed would barge in on. Hopefully, whatever it is, it'll be settled.

Top Speed did her best to nudge Ruler in the right direction as well. If she was as lucky as she hoped, she could even be a good guardian and mentor to her own apprentice, Ripple.

Ripple would be Top Speed's legacy.

Whatever happens, Top Speed will be there for her. Whatever happens, she will protect Ripple.

With a wry smile, she zoomed out towards the moonlit sky, back on her way home.

Akane and Her Beloved Magical Girl Family

This Story is set several years before Magical Girl Raising Project: Restart

Five people were sitting at a table. A family gathering. Today's discussion wasn't going very well, however.

A lot of them looked grumpy, most of them barely wanted to talk. It feels like they all had their own opinion of the situation.

It wasn't always like this, but with this situation, it's quite unique.

The Fuwa household. Home to a single mother and four children.

The Eldest, Aoi, 31. A beautiful girl, she works as a clerk in a local Law Firm, often using her management skills to her advantage, not to mention her attractiveness. Something she's not afraid to utilize.

The second, Asagi, 25. A stay-at-home, she mostly stays quiet and reads books all day. She's also quite the lazy girl. However, she does have a love for history. Her favorite book is the *Roppou Zenshou*.

The third, Akane, 17. A high school girl. She is the head of the kendo club at school, and is a disciplined well-mannered individual.

The youngest, Ai, 13. A cute face in elementary school. She's well-known by the neighbors for her lovely smile.

Finally, the mother, Ayako, 52. The Matriarch of the family. Ever since her husband died, she's been a single mother, and inherited his construction business. She's strict, and demands the utmost best from her daughters.

Right now they're arguing, and Asagi had begun to lift her leg onto the table.

"Asagi, at least have some manners, please, we should listen to what everyone has to say," said Akane in a strict yet calm tone.

"*Weshouldlistentowhateveryonehastosay*," mumbled Asagi.

"If you have something to share, Asagi, share it with the whole table," commanded Ayako to her daughter.

Asagi sighed, "Of *course* Akane has to be the *law-abiding* one out of all of us, right?"

"I'm *just* trying to get everyone to see eye-to-eye," said Akane

“But whatever happens, *you* guys always get the final say ‘cause you’re older!” complained Ai, the youngest of them.

“Ai, we’re a family here,” said Akane once more.

“Nuh-uh! We’re a family, you say, but everyone else gets the pick and I can’t cause I’m too young!” complained Ai again.

“You should really stop trying, Akane. You and Ai will never get along. Always fighting whenever one of you talks,” said Aoi with a smile.

“I’m not trying to start an argument,” said Akane

“Alright! That’s enough! We need to discuss the issue now!”

A silence filled the room as Ayako, their mother, loudly exclaimed the command.

She closed her eyes and waited for all of her daughters to finish. Then, she began the conversation.

“So it’s no secret that we’ve all become Magical Girls. The question is how long. Akane, you were the last. How long?” asked her mother.

“Huh? Oh… It’s… 5 months ago,” said Akane.

Akane was in the kitchen. She was wearing what appeared to be an ancient Samurai uniform, complete with a giant Katana.

Nothing made any sense to her, but what’s even more confusing is the elf standing in front of her in the kitchen.

“So, what is this? Magical Girls?” asked Akane.

“That’s right. You’ve become a real Magical Girl,” said the elf.

“And you are?”

“My name is The Forest Musician, Clamberry. You’re one of the first Magical Girls here, so I’ll get to the basics before I let you roam,” said Clamberry, putting her fingers on her chin.

She grabbed a chair from the kitchen, “Mind if I take a seat?”

“Sure… go ahead,” replied Akane as she unsheathed her sword.

The Katana felt real. Akane had handled swords before, but they were usually bamboo swords, or well-crafted wooden ones for kendo practice.

“These are real?” asked Akane.

“As real as it can be. Use it well, your Magical Phone should have information on your powers, and a little helper as well,” said Clamberry.

Akane took out her Magical Phone. This strange phone that she received. Upon opening it, a hologram of a black and white creature emerged.

“Aha! So *you’re* the new girl, Pon! My name’s Fav! I’m going to be your mascot! Nice to meet you, Pon!”

“Mascots are here to help you in any way possible,” said Clamberry.

Akane opened her Magical Phone. She browsed it and found out what seemed to be her powers.

To be able to cut anything she sees.

“What kind of powers are these?”

“Powers that you gain from becoming a Magical Girl, Pon!”

“So why is it that I’m a Magical Girl?”

“Because you were chosen, Pon!”

“But Magical *Girl*. Is it limited to only girls?”

“Ah, boys can become one too, Pon!”

“Oh. But what’s the purpose of being chosen?”

“It’s best not to think too hard about it, Pon!”

“And what am I supposed to do?”

“Protect the world, Pon!”

“But my powers. They kill. I’m not a killing type.”

“Don’t worry, Pon! Your strength should be enough to handle any kind of human, Pon!” Clamberry smiled as she folded her arms. From the kitchen table, she spoke up,

“You should know that once a certain number of Magical Girls are reached, then the game truly begins.”

“Game?”

“Only one Magical Girls can be officially chosen as a real Magical Girl, Pon! There’s a selection test!”

“What happens to the ones that aren’t chosen?”

“We remove their memories and they return to their old lives, Pon!”

“Oh… okay then.”

“So, are you ready to become a Magical Girl, Pon? What’s your name gonna be, Pon?”

“My name? Hm… just Akane.”

“Your real name, Pon?”

“I don’t see the need to hide it.”

“Oh well, to each their own, Pon!”

After a while, Akane nodded. It seemed like she understood most of what she’s going to say. So it seemed like she’s stuck with these powers.

Akane also had to compete against other Magical Girls sooner or later. She didn’t exactly know how she’ll compete, but she knew that it would be to keep the abilities of a Magical Girl.

Akane had always been one for competition. She was raised this way in the Fuwa household. In kendo club, always the best. The Fuwa family is known for their ambitiousness.

There were rules to be established, just like any other competition.

According to Clamberry, you shouldn't reveal your identity to other human beings, and that you should always make sure to avoid contact whenever possible.

If humans spot you, they'll vaguely remember you when you go away. Still, the memory isn't completely gone, and it's like trying to remember a blurry face. They'll still remember various details.

If your actions were ever caught by the news somehow, you can't exactly change the papers either.

Therefore, Akane found it best to travel at night, keeping to the rooftops.

She'd learned how to best use her powers. Firstly, she learned that her powers had a specific way of activating.

Her Katana is the catalyst.

She has to first raise the Katana, then swing in the direction she wants the cut to happen. Subconsciously, the powers will know what target she wants to cut, but recklessly swinging the Katana can create cuts as well.

In addition, the cuts ignore distance, but is blocked by line of sight. Suppose you wanted to cut an object, but it's blocked by another object in front of it. You'd have to destroy the object in front of it first.

In the 5 months of being a Magical Girl, Akane finally understood most of how her powers worked.

For most of her time, she destroyed useless junk or things that people didn't want. Occasionally, she'd also stop a crime here and there. But crime was quite low in the city. Not that Akane minded it.

She couldn't wait for the competition to start. She wanted to meet others like her. She was excited to compete with them.

Like kendo club, they can test their strength against each other.

Akane headed home, but first, she reported to Fav.

"All done for today, Pon?" said Fav when Akane opened her Magical Phone.

"Yeah. Just one question. When do the games start?"

"The final Magical Girl is already here, Pon! The game will probably start a few days from now, Pon! I hope you're ready!"

"Ready as I'll ever be. How's Clamberry?"

"Out and about, Pon! She prefers to be left to her own devices. I wouldn't worry too much, Pon!"

"She's the only other Magical Girl I know, after all."

"You'll meet the others soon enough, Pon!"

"Alright, Fav. See you around."

Akane closed her Magical Phone, and climbed through the window of her house. Before she even tried to de-transform however…

…She heard voices.

Girl voices. More than one. They were coming from downstairs.

It's 3 AM, who's awake at this time? Her family's usually asleep. Akane figured that there must be someone other than her family in the house.

A thief? A break-in?

Akane decided that if there was a burglar, they picked the wrong house to rob, considering Akane herself is a Magical Girl.

She kept her transformation and stepped slowly downstairs.

To their credit, they were speaking way too low for a human to hear, but a Magical Girl had strong senses.

The voices were coming from the kitchen. There were four voices. Akane had her hand gripped to her Katana, ready for any trouble.

Then she spotted something.

Clamberry?

And 4 other fantastical looking girls. Other Magical Girls?

Wait, what?

Then Akane began to hear their talking.

"…Still can't believe it though. Akane?" said one of the girls.

"She has the same potential as all of you, so she was chosen," said Clamberry.

"So that makes *all* of us!"

"Indeed. I must say, an entire family possessing the potential to become Magical Girls is quite rare. Perhaps it's more genetic than I thought," replied Clamberry.

"Genetic, huh. So maybe grandma could've been one?"

Akane heard enough. She walked into the kitchen.

"Okay, can *someone* please explain to me what's going on?"

"My my, the whole family's here," chuckled Clamberry.

"Wait, are you guys who I *think* you guys are?" asked Akane, eyes wide.

"It's not obvious? Everyone here has been wondering when you'd catch up, Akane," said one of the younger looking girls.

"Catch up?"

“We were Magical Girls long before you showed in, Akane. You finally caught up to us, so yeah,” said another girl.

“I-I wasn’t the *first*?”

“Oh, just as a reminder. Now that every Magical Girl is here. I’ll be starting the selection process in a few days. For now, I must return. I bid you farewell, Miss Fuwa,” said Clamberry, bowing down.

The young girl bowed down as well, “Until we meet again, Clamberry. As for all of you, de-transform so I can tell who I’m talking to.”

Clamberry made her way outside the house, and as she did, the rest of the four de-transformed back.

Akane also did the same, of course. It was who she saw that surprised her.

The youngest looking girl de-transformed back, and she was apparently…

“*Mom*!?”

“What? Surprised?”

“Y-You looked so *young*! And… Your outfit!?”

“And what’s wrong with that? Your mother isn’t allowed to look good anymore? Is it my age? If it is, then it shouldn’t be a problem, since I’m younger when transformed, correct?”

“Yeah, but…”

The one who looks around Akane’s age was actually Ai, her youngest sister.

The other two looked nearly the same, but her mother looked the youngest.

Akane’s head was spinning. She can’t believe this was happening before her eyes. Her entire family had been a family of Magical Girls?

“Guess we won’t even have to use anti-aging cream, will we?” asked Aoi.

“We can actually do whatever we want in these forms, together!” said Asagi.

“I’ve always dreamed of being an idol, and now I look like one when transformed! Plus, look what I can do!” said Ai as she opened the window, pointed her finger, and blasted a large beam at a nearby mountain.

The beam caused a visible explosion in the mountainside.

“Hey! Ai! That’s dangerous!” said Akane.

“It’s an empty mountain, no one’s gonna get hurt!” said Ai with a smirk.

“Alright, we need to discuss the situation now that we know what’s going on,” ordered their mother.

That night, discussions didn’t really progress.

Akane had been trying to maintain the peace, but her head was still spinning from the fact that everyone in her family was a Magical Girl.

“Any suggestions?” asked Ayako.

“We use our powers to benefit the family, of course!” said Aoi, in a rather *duh, it’s obvious* tone.

“Wait, what?” questioned Akane.

“There’s a selection test soon, and not all of us will be Magical Girls in the end. What’s the point of helping others when we can’t do it in the long run,” surmised Aoi.

“Akane’s probably gonna get the victory. She’s way too diligent at everything to *not* get it,” said Asagi, seconding the opinion.

“I’m not just gonna give up my Magical Girl stuff! I wanna be like that forever!” said Ai.

“But wait, you guys. That’s not a good reason at all to use our power!” exclaimed Akane.

“And why not? We’re still helping people. Those people being our own family,” claimed Aoi.

“But using powers to gain an advantage on people…”

“Here we go again with Miss Kendo Perfectionist. Come on, you’re being given a chance to improve yourself for once and you’re *not* gonna do it?” asked Asagi.

“It’s not that *we’ve* been given a chance, it’s that *others* haven’t,” replied Akane.

“Oh come on, we’re going to lose our memories anyways, and then we can’t *possibly* do this again,” claimed Asagi.

“Why are you so sure that you’re going to lose?”

“Because *you’re* going to win, Akane. Whatever the competition ends up becoming, *you’re* the hard working one. *You’re* the disciplined one. Why even bother?” asked Asagi in a disgruntled voice.

Akane couldn’t believe what she was hearing. Was this really what they wanted to do?

“That’s enough! I will not have a Fuwa claim that they can lose. We are known for our tenacity. When the competition begins, then I expect you all to perform at your fullest, is that understood?” said Ayako.

“Even you, mom?” asked Ai.

“Even me. As I will most definitely not want to give up these powers. However, I do agree with your sisters, Akane. When given a huge advantage, we must use it, not squander it.”

“What about being spotted?” asked Akane

“We have a memory wipe on our side. We can compromise.”

“But-”

“The conversation is *closed*, Akane.”

“Alright, I get to be an idol!” said Ai.

“For once, you’re not the one who gets the last say here,” said Asagi with a smug.

The next day, Akane woke up after a huge headache. She couldn’t believe that her family was quite selfish enough to use Magical Girl powers for their own needs.

But maybe they also had a point.

Akane was always the hard-working girl, despite being the third child. Ai hasn't had a chance to prove herself, Asagi had already given up, and Aoi was rarely acknowledged despite being good at her job.

Her mother was also known to be competition-focused. If the Fuwa household is involved, you can bet that competition was going to be fierce.

In fact, Akane herself wanted to enjoy whatever this competition would bring, despite her opponents being her family.

Although her family may not have the best personality, Akane still loved them. They aren't malicious, just a bit selfish, like any other family.

It wasn't enough for Akane to hate them on principle, of course. She could never bring herself to hate them.

She just wished that they'd be a little more understanding.
It's also understandable that someone would want to keep these powers. Akane can't fault them for that. She also couldn't blame them when they wanted to improve their lot in life.

For most of their time, Akane had been the best out of the family, so being given a chance to counteract that was a godsend to them.

Deep down, she knew that they cared about her. Otherwise they wouldn't be trying to help themselves to begin with.

And she cared about them too.

But now the sun is up, and Akane headed over to kendo practice.

When she arrived, she wasn't expecting a crowd of people. Most people didn't come to kendo practice that much, not on a Sunday.

"Ah, Miss President!" yelled a student, one year younger than Akane.

"Huh? Oh, hello there," replied Akane.

“What’s wrong? You look surprised.”

“Oh, nothing. Just didn’t expect a crowd is all!”

“Ah, the Flower Festival is here, didn’t you know? They’ve got prizes for best flowers, best costume, and a lot of other stuff! So we’ve got some other people other than the club using the building!”

“Oh, that’s today? I forgot about that.”

“Yeah! So, see you in practice?”

“Yeah. See you in practice.”

Akane had forgotten about the Flower Festival. She quite enjoyed it, but she was just more focused on kendo at the moment.

I guess it couldn’t hurt to look around.

Walking around the buildings and outside, she saw the festival decorations and the competitions being held there.

There were even some cosplayers. She didn’t expect that there would be those in here. Still, it’s a big city, anything could happen.

Akane recognized some of the cosplay as well. Some were mascots, some were characters she used to watch, and some looked like her family’s Magical Girl outfits.

Wait.

Oh no.

She saw them purchase tickets to a competition it seems. With their unparalleled skills as a Magical Girl, no doubt they’re trying to earn some money by using their powers.

Akane sighed, and she went inside to the kendo building.

In the changing room, she activated her Magical Phone, and transformed into the samurai, Akane.

She rushed out to the crowd. With her Magical Girl hearing, she could hear sharper than any other person.

She focused herself on the participants area. She heard so many voices,

“Tried very hard to win last year, but no luck”

“Came all the way from Tokyo to win this!”

“My first contest! Wish me luck, mom!”

“You got this. You practiced weeks for this.”

None of them were the voices of her family, but nonetheless, it convinced her more and more that they shouldn’t cheat by using their powers.

So many others had fairly tried to win, it doesn’t feel right to use your powers to take that away from others.

Akane focused her sights on groups of four. She had to remember that none of them look like they’re over 30 in their Magical Girl forms, so she can’t rely on their normal looks alone.

Akane focused…

“…Got the tickets, Asagi?”

There!

While she knew that both Clamberry and Fav told her not to get seen by normal people. Here, she could be easily forgotten and mistaken for a cosplayer.

No way she can talk them out of entering the competition. She has to get them out another way.

Oh, she had an idea. An idea involving her own powers.

Still, she can’t brandish a sword out in the middle of nowhere. With her disguise, many people assumed it’s a fake sword, but a quick scan will show that her Katana is very much real.

Akane rushed out of the crowd. She walked slowly, though she could just run at a super speed.

Once she was out of sight, she jumped above one of the buildings in the area, and she found her family once again.

Akane unsheathed her Katana. She held it with two hands. This is important, she had to practice being accurate with these sword strikes.

Deep breaths, remember her kendo training.

Eyeing each of the entry tickets, she slashed them one by one.

One

Two

Three

Four

Perfect slices. Each one of them was ripped to shreds.

“WAH!? What happened?”

“They just fell apart!”

Akane then saw her mother looking back towards her, pointing her finger to Akane.

Akane merely replied with a wink and sheathed her sword once more. Afterwards, she jumped down.

Her family chased her, and caught up with her somewhere in the festival later that day.

“What was *that* for?” yelled Asagi.

“What?” asked Akane.

“You ruined our tickets.”

“Of course. No way I was gonna talk you out of it”

“We spent loads of money on those things! We had it in the bag!” cried Ai.

“And with my powers as a Magical Girl, I immediately prevented you from even getting a chance to win. Doesn’t feel good, right?” said Akane with a smirk.

“Akane… you’re a persistent one, you know that,” sighed Aoi with a smile.

Akane’s mother furrowed her brow,

“Well… If there’s one thing I can commend you, it’s your persistence at getting what you want. Like a true Fuwa,” praised Ayako.

Asagi grumbled, Ai pouted, Aoi nodded and smiled.

“So, Clamberry told me the test will begin soon. Why don’t we all just spend some time having fun as a family first, guys? C’mon. Let’s save the competition for later! I mean, we’re a family of *Magical Girls*! You can’t honestly think that’s not cool, right?” suggested Akane.

“*Fine*…” mumbled Asagi.

Aoi nodded.

“I get dibs on any food though, and can we stay in our forms please?” said Ai.

Akane’s mother nodded. “Alright, a day of relaxation, before the competition begins.”

Finally, her family is back to their usual selves again. Or at least, better than before.

It wasn’t a perfect family. They had their flaws, but they also had their moments, and they cared for each other.

Despite being difficult to deal with at times, Akane truly loves her family.

She wanted to win the selection test as well, but she wanted to spend this moment together with them.

Together with them.

That was the last memory.

How could she have known…

Everything went by so fast…

Everything was such a blur…

What happened…?

…Why were they gone?

…They died.

How long has it been? A year? Two years?

She remembered waking up in a hospital…

The doctors say that she had difficulty speaking, traumatic stress…

She didn’t care...

Everything may be a blur, but a love for family is strong enough to break anything…

They all died. She needed answers. But who killed them? Who visited her back then? Who was it? What did she look like?

…A Forest Musician.

A Knight’s Day Off

This story is set a few weeks before Magical Girl Raising Project

Online messaging boards often have group meetups.

Offline meetups.

It's common for large communities to gather around and meet in real life, usually in a big city or so. Almost every major messaging board, forum, or imageboard would host these kinds of meetings, with a large enough community.

Online forums are the only plays where Souta Kishibe can truly let out his feelings for Magical Girls.

He chatted every day on a forum known as *Magi-Chan*.

It was a specialized forum for Magical Girl discussions. Anime, Manga, Light Novels, you name it, it has it all.

Magi-Chan would often host offline meetups, but Souta would be unable to join in, for fear of being a boy.

Actually, even if he did get over that and join up, he *still* wouldn't be able to join in the offline group meetings.

This is due to one thing.

In Magi-Chan, Souta's online persona, *MahouShoujoNaKo*, was a female.

He already set that persona a long time ago, and he can't just show up and suddenly be a guy in real life.

It's too bad, too.

Offline meetups often included gift trading. One time, there was a chance to receive a specialized autograph of a limited edition *Cutie Healer* DVD.

Another time, there was a special Console Game for *Star Queen* that was being gifted away.

Then, there was the authentic *Hiyoko-Chan* merchandise that was sold years ago.

Souta wanted to have them, or at least see them. Unfortunately, due to circumstances, he was never able to join these online chats.

A boy his age was often ridiculed and insulted for liking Magical Girls.

There were lots of boys who liked Anime or Manga, but liking Magical Girl shows? They'd call him weird or perverted.

Especially Magical Girl shows whose designs included any fanservice-like outfits. Souta knew what kind of trouble he'd get if anyone even caught him talking about it.

He joined the soccer team, because he also loved soccer, but his teammates probably would dislike him if they found out his hobby.

Six months ago, Souta had become a Magical Girl.

He had been playing a popular social game called *Magical Girl Raising Project*, and then he received a special message from the mascot, Fav.

That's when he was transformed into his avatar, La Pucelle.

"M-Magical Girl? A real Magical Girl?"

"That's right, Pon!"

"But I'm a guy!"

"Doesn't matter, Pon! There are male Magical Girls, too, Pon!"

"W-Wait… really!?"

"They're quite rare, but they do exist, Pon!"

"They're rare… Huh, makes sense, I guess."

"Oh, don't get me wrong, there's *definitely* demand for them, Pon! They're just rare is all."

"But I can't be a Magical Girl, can I…?"

"Sure you can! Just look in the mirror, Pon!"

La Pucelle saw himself, and staring back at him, was a Dragon Knight. The character that he made for the game.

La Pucelle's face went red with embarrassment.

It had only been six months, and his training with fellow Magical Girl Sister Nana had been going well.

He had gotten used to his lifestyle. Saving people, being careful not to get caught.

In a way, it was like *Baby Crown*, the Phantom Thief Magical Girl. She always tried to not get caught no matter what.

La Pucelle wasn't a thief, though, he was a Magical Girl of justice!

Helping people, saving lives, and fighting evil, too!

He'd still go back to that forum, of course. Only then did he realize something…

…He could actually join in the offline meetings.

It was all so simple! If Souta disguised himself as La Pucelle, people wouldn't even bat an eyelash.

He was a 'she', and it fit the gender that he set on the website, too.

There was only one problem.

How is he going to hide his tail… and his horns…?

Hm…

He can't ask Sister Nana for help. That would be strange. It's not like he can borrow her veil. What would even be the reason?

A long enough skirt could probably hide his tail… probably.

He *could* just say he's cosplaying as a Magical Girl, but his horns and tails actually are real, and they look realistic too. If anyone wants to check them, he can't exactly fake them.

He had decided the best course of action.

He took out all the money he ever saved, every coin, every Yen, everything. He took it out, and he went shopping.

Souta felt a bit embarrassed shopping at the women's section, but he needed to do this. He had to do this.

All this money was supposed to go towards some soccer equipment.

Soccer… or Magical Girls…?

Souta chose Magical Girls.

He still wanted to go to Europe and play in the big leagues as a professional soccer player, but he was already a professional Magical Girl, so…

After buying a large bag of dresses, hats, and skirts, Souta went back home and tried them on as La Pucelle.

Once he was *sure* that he looked normal, he began his plan.

He went to the online forums and searched for the topic.

'*Meetup next Sunday!*'

Souta logged in

MahouShoujoNaKo: Mind if I sign up?

Canossa: Ah, NaKo. We've never seen you join up with us, before!

MahouShoujoNaKo: Yeah… It'll be my first time. Kind of nervous

Canossa: Don't be, everyone's pretty nice

Genopsycho: Oooh! NaKo's coming along, too?

MahouShoujoNaKo: Oh, hey Genopsycho. Nice seeing you. Yeah, I'll be participating

Genopsycho: AWESOME! Can't wait! See you around, NaKo!

Souta can't wait as well. He's going to meet all his online friends at last. He's going to be able to talk about Magical Girls in real life once again.

He slept well that night, ready for what awaits him the following week.

On that Sunday, Souta grabbed his dress and placed it in a bag. He ran for the train station, intent on changing once he got to the location.

He can't bear to have his parents see him changing inside the house.

When he got to the station, he began to think…

…How am I supposed to change into these, again?

He can't exactly go into a men's room, change into them, and come out looking like La Pucelle.

…

…

…

No choice.

As soon as he took the train to Tokyo, he went straight to the nearest public restroom. He made sure no one was watching, and he changed to La Pucelle.

Immediately, he switched to the dress.

A crochet hat covered his horns, while a long skirt covered his tail. His silver hair can be explained easily, but other than that, he looked just like a normal girl.

Great. First part done, now to get to the meeting.

The meeting was being held at a restaurant of sorts, in order for the forum members to be able to talk and eat at the same time.

Tokyo was a large place, different from N-City, so La Pucelle had to find his way around.

It was hard to walk around in these, especially with his tail not free to move around as much, but he eventually got used to it.

When he finally found the place, he was excited.

He entered, and saw a group of people, men and women, chatting it up with each other.

La Pucelle immediately took the nearest empty seat.

“Uh… Hi!” he said, trying to break the ice.

“Oh, hey there! Never seen you around,” said a man drinking some beer.

“I’m NaKo!”

“MahouShoujoNaKo? Wow… We’ve talked, but I didn’t expect you to actually show up! How are you?”

“Good, good. Sorry, who are you?”

“Ah! I’m Canossa”

“Oh! Nice to actually meet you! Haha”

They talked for a few minutes. La Pucelle discussing Cutie Healer and new airing Magical Girl shows that year.

“Do kinda have to warn you. Watch out for Miso Soup.”

“Huh? Miso soup? I can eat miso soup, don’t worry.”

“No, not the food. The user. He’s that one over there. Kind of a pervert, likes to stalk girls, so I’d watch out if I were you.”

“Ah… I see.”

A woman went towards them. She slammed the desk and grinned happily,

“Heyyoooo! Who’s the new girl?”

“Oh, uh, hi! I’m MahouShoujoNaKo!”

“NaKo!? Whoa… I didn’t think you’d actually be *this* pretty! Heyy! I’m Genopsycho!”

“Ah, nice to meet you! Thanks for organizing this week’s gathering.”

“Ah, not a problem, I *love* meeting other fans! So, this is the first outing you’ve joined. What’d you think?”

“I like it. Simple, lots of people to talk with.”

“Cool, right!? But enough about the gathering. Let’s talk about *Magical Girls*! I just got this awesome Magical Daisy autographed fanbook, and it’s *great*!”

“Seriously!? Can I see?”

“Here, check it out! It’s got concept art and everything!”

“Wow… how’d you get it?”

“I uh… know some people in the industry, hehe…”

“Wait… you work in the Anime industry? So, you make Magical Girl Anime too?”

“Nono, not the Anime industry. Er… close to that. I’m in the Manga business.”

“Oh! What Manga?”

“Er… doujins for now, kinda? I mean, I’m breaking in, and I’m definitely getting my work published and stuff, but yeah!”

“You make any Magical Girl stuff?”

“Definitely love to! Wanna see my sketchbook?”

La Pucelle and Genopsycho engaged in this conversation for a long amount of time.

They talked about Magical Girls, their adventures, fan works, and many other things. La Pucelle had always been good online friends with Genopsycho, but meeting her in real life was actually quite nice.

As the day continued, La Pucelle talked with other fans, moving from table to table. This was what he used to do as a kid, and this is what he finally got to do again.

He met a lonely looking girl at a table, sitting alone.

“Hey there, I’m NaKo” said La Pucelle.

“…”

“Uh…”

“…”

The girl tilted her head, and bowed down when La Pucelle introduced himself.

“Mind if I sit here?”

“…”

La Pucelle took a seat, smiling at the girl. She seemed like she wasn’t part of the crowd, so he decided to just befriend her and have a nice chat with her.

“So, what’s your name?”

“…”

“Nice weather we’re having”

“…”

“Magical Girls are pretty cool, huh?”

“…Nda”

Something finally came out of the girl’s mouth, as she smiled at La Pucelle.

Afterwards, La Pucelle went over to Genopsycho, asking to see who the girl was.

“Huh? New person? Well… maybe she’s shy! It’s fine as long as she’s having a good time, and pays the participation fee for the food, of course,” said Genopsycho.

Time passed by, and as it grew later into the night, it was time for everyone to head back home. La Pucelle had gotten a special *Cutie Healer* souvenir as well for his participation.

“That was a lot of fun!” said La Pucelle.

“Nice to finally be able to meetcha, NaKo,” said Genopsycho.

“Looking forward to chatting with you again in the boards, Genopsycho!”

“Lots of stuff to talk about, right?”

“Have you seen the new *Cutie Healer* series?”

“Ah, yeah! That just came out a couple weeks ago!”

“Mhmm, can’t wait to see where it goes. Well, see ya!”

“Later!”

La Pucelle walked home, satisfied that his trip went smoothly.

He was able to talk to fellow fans of Magical Girls, as well as meet his online friends in real life. Even though they didn’t know that he was Souta Kishibe, he was still happy that he got to talk to them.

“’Scuse me, miss,” said a man’s voice.

La Pucelle turned back.

It was Miso Soup.

“Where you headin’ this late at night?” he said with a sly grin.

“Er… home?”

“Bit dangerous don’t you think? Cute missy like yourself. Why dontcha let me take you back?”

“…No thanks. My train’s on time anyways.”

“You live around Tokyo?”

“Nope.”

“Oh… out of town? Where ya from?”

“…None of your business.”

“Aw, just tryin’ ta help you out.”

“…Appreciate it, but uh… I think I gotta go now.”

“Now let’s not be hasty and get to know ea-”

“HOLD IT RIIIIGHT THERE, BUDDY!”

A sudden voice from the rooftop shocked both of them.

A girl was posed with a strange costume. A suit that looks like it came from a B-Movie sci-fi flick, and a huge orange visor, as well as an extended cat’s tail.

She jumped down between La Pucelle and Miso Soup.

“Who the hell are you!?” said Miso Soup.

“The *correct question* is who the hell are *you*, mister!? I don’t think someone as clumsy as you should be out at night like this, dangerous for yourself, y’know!?”

“Who ya callin clumsy, ya bitch!”

“Tsk Tsk Tsk, didn’t your parents ever tell you not to swear in front of others, there are adults here, after all!” said the girl as she slightly glanced at La Pucelle and winked her eyes.

La Pucelle got the signal and made a run for it.

He ran fast, faster than humans could see. Straight for the station.

Unfortunately, he forgot one thing.

He was wearing human clothes.

Magical Girl outfits are built to withstand Magical Girl activities. Human clothes aren't built to withstand the sheer speed that Magical Girls can run.

As La Pucelle ran, parts of his clothing began to tear off. His crochet hat as well. His horns and tail were completely visible.

"AAAAH"

La Pucelle had realized this too late, as he had no clothes on and his armor was at home regardless. Changing back to Souta would just be more embarrassing.

But then.

His horns and tail seemed to disappear, and it looked like he was wearing a sweater and some jeans.

He still felt wind on his skin, and he wasn't actually wearing new clothes, so…

…What was this?

"Huh?"

He looked at his body, which looked like it had clothes painted on them. An illusion of some kind.

A voice from behind him,

"Yuu go home nao, okei? I'll kiip thiz disgaiz on"

That was a strange accent, but La Pucelle questioned who it was, as there was nobody there when he turned around.

The only explanation,

Magical Girls.

Tokyo was a densely populated city, so there must have been *some* Magical Girls as well, he thought.

Either way, he went home, satisfied with his experience in the meeting, and glad that other Magical Girls do exist out there, not just the ones in N-City.

Later that week, a lot of the posters in the board talked about their experiences.

NaKo actually showed up!

Really? Man, I wished I came, then

She's pretty cute in real life, honestly.

NaKo's such a great fan, it's great to finally meet her

Mashiro Kuji laid down on her bed.

It's been a long day for her, but she accomplished what she set out to do.

She stared at the ceiling for a bit, and looked at the brochure for the hotel that she's staying on.

After a while, she checked her Magical Phone, scrolling down to past messages.

Melville,

There's a gathering of Magical Girl fans in Tokyo. It'll be held nearby. Would you mind stopping by there and infiltrating it?

Most Magical Girl fans have amazing Magical Potential, and maybe are Magical Girls themselves. I'd like you to scout for potential people if you can. Would that be alright?

I know you can do it! Good luck, fight hard.

Clamberry

She turned off her Magical Phone.

Mashiro Kuji was the Magical Girl, Melville.

She couldn't exactly talk to anyone during the meeting, due to her speech condition and accent, so she decided to just observe.

But he recognized that boy, La Pucelle. He was a participant in Clamberry's tests. He wasn't sure what to do when he came up to her and started talking.

Afterwards, she followed him back, and when he was being harassed, she had planned to attack the harasser, but Genopsycho had already saved him.

Then, La Pucelle had an incident. If he got into trouble in Tokyo, Clamberry's tests wouldn't be able to proceed, so Melville helped him.

She helped Clamberry proceed with her tests.

Maybe that means Clamberry would find her useful… maybe.

Maybe that means that Clamberry cared for her, too.

Melville sighed. Hopefully the test in N-City goes well.

She turned off the lights and went to sleep.

The Maid and the Mystery

This Story is set 3 Months before Magical Girl Raising Project
This Story is set 1 Year before Magical Girl Raising Project: Restart

The school bus was bustling with energy. Elementary kids all inside the bus were passing mics, and all of them were singing anime songs.

Noriko was of course having fun and joining in the party as well.

In fact, it could be argued that Noriko was probably the indirect cause of all this fun. For Noriko is secretly a Magical Girl named Nokko-Chan.

Nokko-Chan's ability is to be able to influence the emotions of other people.

The fact that Noriko herself was also having fun also made the emotional influence stronger.

Noriko enjoyed this. Throughout her life, she had always strived to make people feel happy and at ease, and this was pure bliss.

It was the beginning of Summer break, and the elementary kids were all on a trip to the mountains to camp out.

This was going to be one of their first school-wide camping trip, and Noriko is going to make sure it goes off without a hitch.

After about 3 hours' drive from the outskirts of the city, they reached their location. A remote place within the mountains.

"Hey, hey, look over there!" one of the kids shouted. He pointed at some cabins up in the
campsite.

Welcoming yellow cabins. This was going to be a great trip!

Shinobu was a Magical Girl.

She was also a detective.

Fittingly enough, her Magical Girl outfit is also a detective.

Shinobu was Detick Bell, a Magical Girl Detective.

Ever since she was a young girl, she loved mysteries, and wanted to become an actual detective in real life, so she continuously studied and read many mystery novels.

Now Shinobu was hitting her 20s, and she finally ended up as a Private Investigator in a firm.

She would investigate mysterious disappearances, missing persons, murders, robberies, and anything that's rather strange that people can't exactly go to the police about.

Now, she was about to get a job offer from her Chief.

The Chief was already seated in her office. He personally came to see her in fact. She wondered why he was here in the first place.

"Chief. Welcome."

"Hello, Shinobu. I hope you understand the importance of why I'm here."

"Actually, sir. I'm still not quite sure what I'm supposed to be doing?"

"I know you have your mind set on grand things, noble things, Shinobu. Before I'm sure you're up to more jobs, I'd like to offer you one more. Undercover."

"Undercover work, sir?"

"Yes. This one is very discreet. No one should know about it, but it *is* something that I'd like you to do."

"Why me?"

"Because you're the most suited one for all. Think of it as a *test*, Shinobu. If you make it through, I'll clear you in for more demanding work."

"So it's a stress test? A psychological test?"

"Yes. Undercover work can be mentally straining, and we only need you to be there for a
few days at most. Can you handle it?"

"Yes sir! I'm ready! Just tell me the details of the job and I'll be there right away!"

“Shinooobuuuu!!! Could you help me set the tables?”

“Y-Yes ma’am!!!”

“Oh, Shinobu! The kids’ bed needs to be made, make sure *all* the cabins are well and prepared!”

“Roger that, ma’am!”

Shinobu is a camp counselor.

She was being sent to an elementary school Summer camp. Most of the counselors were assigned by the school, but they had volunteer posters put up.

This was apparently the job the Chief had in mind for her.

Stress test, huh…?

Shinobu didn’t forget that evil smile on the Chief’s face.

There were plenty of children running around playfully as Shinobu worked her hardest to
set up tables, prepare the beds, and generally the other hard working things that camp counselors are supposed to do.

“Shinobu, could you do us a favor and cook the children’s food for tonight?”

“H-Huh? Why me?”

“Oh, your employer recommended it personally”

Shinobu smiled, but inside, she was seething with rage.

“…Did he, now? Ehehe... I’ll do my best!”

How did she get into this situation?

Did she piss off the Chief somehow?

These kids will drive her crazy…

Cooking was never Shinobu's strong point, and now she's got to prepare food for a bunch of different children.

After a laborious few hours of cooking, she slowly began banging her head on the wall.

"Shinobu! Time to serve up the dinner!"

"C-Coming, ma'am!"

Now the kids had to be served. It was one of the most stressful things about this job. The
kids were all nice children, but they were kids, so they would be impatient, sometimes get in the way, and all of it was taking a toll on Shinobu.

As the kids are eating, one of the counselors pulled Shinobu to the side.

"So, Shinobu. Tonight we're having a *Test of Courage*. A little fun haunted house maze to scare 'em up a bit in camp. Think you're up for the challenge?"

A chance to get back?

Oh yes.

"Of course I am! Leave it to me!"

When nobody was around, Shinobu quietly transformed to Detick Bell.

Her mission, to give the biggest scare these kids will ever experience in their lives.

And she had just the way to do it.

Detick Bell's Magical Skill is to talk to buildings, but that is inaccurate. It's more accurate to say that Detick Bell can bring out the face of a building with a kiss.

This face is how she communicates with buildings.

Of course, the face is visible to *everyone*. What better way to scare people with? No special effects, just an actual face popping out of the building.

After making a face appear from behind a curtain, Detick Bell began to carefully give instructions to it.

“You’re going to scare the children.”

“What?” said the face.

“Scare the children. Make a scary face. Laugh. Smile. Even smiling will probably scare them if they find you.”

“But I *like* children. They come here to camp every now and then.”

“Oh, no no, it’s not mean-spirited. See, there’s a *Test of Courage* going on, and you’re just playing the part of a scary monster!”

“…Hmm”

“Don’t worry, nobody’s going to get hurt,” said Detick Bell with a smile.

“Hmm… Oh, alright then. If it’s just harmless scaring.”

Success.

“Alright. Keep hidden until one of them shows up, okay? Don’t worry, I’ll be waiting right here when the action happens!”

After a few minutes setting up while the kids were eating, the counselors were ready to put the children through the scare maze.

The line of children came out, being spooked by popping out ghosts and counselors dressed up in preparation.

Bell however, was waiting in the face room, behind some curtains.

Finally, someone showed up. It was a girl, she looked slightly timid and was already anticipating the next scare. Perfect.

As soon as she approached the wall, it happened.

The face popped out, with sinister looking eyes. It stuck its long tongue out as it drooped
down, and he laughed an evil laugh.

The sudden appearance must've scared the girl, because she suddenly started screaming and running away in shock.

"AAAAAAAAAH!!!"

The sound of that scream shocked Detick Bell, and only now did she realize that for some reason that face looked scarier and scarier, and it's also getting quite dark here.

Until…

"Huh.. Ngh…? AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!"

She ran out of the curtains towards the counselors, scared out of her life. The panicking children and counselors all ran outside the cabin, scared of *something*.

Whatever happened was unclear, at this point, Bell's mind was just focused on one thing and one thing only:

Run really far away

Noriko didn't mean for it to happen.

Thanks to her Magical Girl experience, she was used to seeing out-of-place things. Also, her mentality is pretty strong, as well.

So she shouldn't really be shocked of anything at this point. But how are you supposed to react when you see a literal face staring at you from the wall?

Of course Noriko would be a bit frightened. She had no idea what to do, panicked, lost control, and now…

…Now everyone was panicking.

Children and counselors being afraid of who knows what. The one thing Noriko was certain about was that they were *afraid*.

She had to fix this.

Just propagate the happy feelings. Make everyone feel calm and relaxed again.

Slowly but surely, everyone went back to their usual selves. Most of them began to laugh
off the situation. Some of the counselors were even blushing in embarrassment.

Noriko, however, was just relieved.

Something like that shouldn't really happen to a veteran Magical Girl like her. Sometimes
it does, but she's glad it didn't cause any major damage this time.

It's late at night though, and after a few rounds of laughter and cleaning up, the entire camp has decided to turn in for the day.

Let's hope tomorrow is not as insane as today.

Shinobu slept calmly that night.

Whatever scared her earlier was enough to make her body tired. After all the hard work of a camp counselor, then the panicking, Shinobu immediately fell asleep the moment she hit her cabin.

Finally, another day… another hellish struggle.

Today's schedule was a barbecue party for the kids. Shinobu woke up slightly groggily. After she finished her morning routine, she headed out to the counselor's meeting section.

When she finally came there,

"Shinobu! You're here, great! We could use your help"

Oh no.

"Sure. What is it?"

“Do you mind cooking the barbeque for the kids. Prepare the meat and all that? We’re going to be setting up the adventure obstacle course.”

“I’m cooking again?” asked Shinobu.

“Your cooking last night was great! I’m sure you’ll do fine in the barbeque”

Shinobu sighed inside, but put out a large smile outside.

“Sure thing! I’ll help out!”

“Thanks, Shinobu!”

Barbeque duty. Here we go.

Shinobu went out to the camp’s kitchen. The dining room had been cleaned, but she still remembered the entire trainwreck of a night that happened here.

Everyone panicking and screaming.

Though she was embarrassed to think about it, Shinobu was doing that as well. She couldn’t exactly grasp *why* though.

Maybe it’s the stress, combined with the rowdy pack of kids.

She’s never been good with children, after all.

At least she should get some peace and quiet when she’s cooking some barbeque. Now, to grab the meat.

Should be in the fridge and…

…Huh?

…There’s no meat.

But Shinobu swore there was meat yesterday. So where did it go?

A routine check of the kitchen revealed nothing. There was no meat. Which can mean only one thing.

Someone or something stole the meat.

Shinobu got excited. This was a *mystery*! Not anything big like a murder, but *still* a mystery!

One of the children? They wouldn't steal the entire meat stack. The counselors? That could get them in trouble. Besides, like the children, they couldn't eat a whole bunch of meat in one night.

Not to mention, Shinobu was certain that most of the kids and camp counselors were tired by that night, and all of them went straight to sleep.

Meaning there must be something else that ate them.

Shinobu's spine chilled. What if it was a wild animal, loose in the camp?

Wolves? They don't live in these mountains. Not anymore. Still, maybe there's a hidden pack somewhere?

Probably not wolves. They'd leave distinct footprints. Besides, they'd have to navigate inside the cabin somehow.

So what about vermin? Mice? The cabins were swept clean, but it's a possibility.

Maybe cockroaches? No, impossible. Mice and cockroaches could steal food, sure. The staff might not have noticed them, sure. But this is a bunch of meat. They'd only steal nibbles and smaller chunks.

So, what in the world could've eaten the meat, be invisible to most people, *and* was probably already in the cabin before-

Shinobu's eyes widened.

She put her arms on her head.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA"

She couldn't help screaming. She was so stupid. How did she forget. Must've been the panic that night.

"*SHIT*!"

“Shinobu? Did you say something in the kitchen?” one of the counselors asked.

“Er-Um, *nothing*! I just… had to sit. Yeah!”

“How’s the barbeque going, Shinobu?”

“Errr….. it’s… great! Gonna take a minute! I hope you don’t mind waiting!”

“Don’t take *too* long!”

“I won’t!”

Shit.

Shinobu transformed into Detick Bell, and went towards the location of the face. Sure enough, she found the face and a pile of meat.

How the face managed to carry it, she doesn’t know.

What’s important is…

“Wha… What are you *doing*!?”

The face looked at her with a guilty expression.

“I’m eating”

“…You’re *eating*? But you’re a *building*!”

“Yes, but there’s always food. I’m curious”

“I *need* that food! I have to prepare it for the kids!”

The face looked at her guiltily again.

“…Sorry”

Then the face munched on some meat.

“No no no, *Stop*! You’re going to get me into trouble. Just… give me the rest of your food. Your job here’s done!”

The face shrugged, and relented.

Shinobu sighed. After getting rid of the face, she facepalmed and took a deep breath.

How is she going to make up for the lost meat? What's she going to do to tell the counselors? How will she explain?

Then… she had an idea.

Noriko was having fun. Her friends were having fun, the camp counselors were all having fun. Now, it seems like she's ready for a little bit of food.

Lunch time was coming soon, and she was curious as to what's in store.

But then, another counselor came up with a big smile.

"Alright kids, it's time for your *adventure*! Today we're doing something different. A *Detective Mystery Scavenger Hunt*!"

The girl announcing the new activity seemed to be excited, yet nervous at the same time. Noriko could tell.

Yet, all the kids were excited. The idea of an adventure got their emotions stirred up. Everyone was in a good mood.

The counselor girl continued.

"Someone has stolen our lunch!!! Looks like it's up to us Junior Detectives to solve the mystery!"

The kids all gasped and awed.

"So, how about it, kids? You want to learn how to solve a mystery?"

"Yeah!" shouted the kids.

The other counselors seemed confused, like it wasn't part of the plan. However, with a little nudge from Noriko, they seemed to go with the flow, and were happy once more.

The next few minutes was spent finding clues to this scavenger hunt, eventually leading to the meat that they wanted to barbeque.

So many kids had so much fun! Noriko could tell that this girl was under a lot of stress, so maybe a little relaxation and fun could help her out.

After all, this was the best Summer Camp Noriko's ever had!

Shinobu was glad.

Her plan worked. The kids had fun. The kids were so great.

Not to mention, she got to share her passion of being a detective. Shinobu felt really happy about that.

At this moment, Shinobu felt elated. Maybe these kids weren't so bad, after all.

Whatever trouble they may have caused her, they're only children.

Shinobu remembered her childhood, when she wanted to be a detective. Seeing these children like this reminded her of herself.

Shinobu felt happy, and that happy feeling continued to last for the whole day.

That night, Shinobu was prepared to go to sleep, when one of the counselors approached her.

"Shinobu, whatever happened to the rest of the meat?"

"Huh? Oh… Uh…"

"Shinobu… Did you eat them?" asked the counselor, with a smiling face.

Crap. She can't tell the truth.

Sheepishly, she replied.

"Ehehe… Yep. Sorry, what can I say… I had a big appetite, hehehe…"

She will never live this down.

“If you wanted some, you could’ve asked! We appreciate everything you did Shinobu!”

“R-Really? You do?”

“Yep! You were a great influence to these kids. They all liked you, and that surprise activity you did. Nice on-the-spot thinking. Very resourceful. I’ll write a report to your employer. He thinks very highly of you, and I can see why!”

Shinobu began to blush a bit.

Wow. She never realized that this was some kind of secret test. Maybe the Chief was on
to something.

There’s a week left in camp, and Shinobu was sure that her new goal.

Her new goal is to have fun and be an inspiration to these children.

Who knows, she might one day meet an apprentice who she can share her detective skills with.

Yeah, an apprentice. Someone she could teach and mentor, and pass her legacy. That would be nice.

Shinobu climbed on her bed, and went to sleep with a smile.

Illegal Magical Girl

This story is set 1 week after Ripple’s first transformation

For 30 years, N-City had been plagued by a variety of Mafia families and gangs.

Recently, a new gang known as the *Kinhou* family have made their mark on N-City.

N-City's powerful underground was once ruled by a powerful family known as the *Houshi* family.

In recent years, however, their operation had been stopped, or at least hindered by the *Tetsu* family.

Most of the operations of the Houshi family were in illegal trading, or forgery. It's the only thing they can get away with now. The reason they're so stumped for help is because of the Tetsu's new hitman for hire.

Somehow, the Tetsu family had been able to acquire the assistance of a woman dressed like a cowboy, who's been terrorizing the rest of the Mafia gangs.

Either way, the Houshi family is losing ground, and the Kinhou family is willing to ally with them to help them out.

This was the nature of the Criminal Underground in N-City. Backstabbings, betrayals, and alliances. A dangerous place, even for the criminals themselves, who have to navigate the political landscape of people willing to kill you.

Just like real politics, only this time people actually are willing to shoot you face first, instead of in the back.

More honest that way.

"Don't come to N-City. It's dangerous."

An old man was sitting on a chair, drinking wine and on a phone call. He was sophisticated, and he was quite wealthy at that too.

"You know what I'm capable of, I'll be fine," said the voice from the other side of the phone.

It was a young girl's voice. She seemed confident, she believed in herself. However, the old man was still not convinced,

“I promised your father I’d keep you safe. I can’t recommend you go to N-City, but I can’t stop you either. Know this, the Mermaid’s Tear incident may happen again if you involve yourself in dangerous people.”

“Like *you* don’t do it yourself, gramps.”

“I’m an old man, I’m going to die in a few years. You’re still young, live your life a little!”

“I will… I just need to pay for it first.”

The old man sighed. He drank his wine.

“Whatever you think is best. Call me if you get into trouble.”

“So you’re not gonna stop me, right?”

“No. What could I do to someone like you if I tried?”

“Exactly. Well, nice talkin’ with ya.”

Click.

The old man massaged his forehead. That girl is going to get herself in trouble at this rate. Well, can’t worry about that now.

He adjusted his eyepatch, and he moved his wheelchair further to the window.

“Totoyama, would you kindly refill my wine?”

His butler approached him, “Of course, Sir.”

Leonetta had always enjoyed jewelry. Part of her hobby perhaps, to look at things that were quite expensive.

It was her background, and it was also because of her domestic circumstances as well.

She tends to work for shady organizations, in exchange for large lumps of money. One of her employers had arranged a job for her.

Leonetta was recommended. After all, she's a Magical Girl.

Her payment would be a blue gem called the *Mermaid's Tears*.

Apparently her employer wanted the gem to give to his granddaughter as a present. So long as Leonetta gets paid, she didn't care.

But she was setup.

The deal never happened, the job was compromised, and Leonetta was deemed a traitor. She ran away, mostly because an organization like that would eventually find out who she may be.

Her employer kept in touch with her, promising to keep her safe.

Now it's time to pay back her dues.

It's been a week since Ripple became a Magical Girl.

She's still not used to this kind of life. She never asked for this, yet there doesn't seem to be a choice.

All she had to do was help people, and she'll get Magical Candies. That was the idea, right? Nothing too big.

Calamity Mary hadn't appeared again after her stunt a couple of days ago.

Deep inside, Ripple wanted to become someone useful, a hero of justice. However, she just wasn't that kind of person.

Then she heard a loud crash, and footsteps.

Her district tended to be quiet. This was totally off the radar. She observed the direction of the noise, and found what seemed to be 3 men chasing a young girl.

The girl was running fast. It looked like those men would hurt her.

Guess it's time to investigate.

Leonetta was cornered, but she wasn't worried.

The 3 men chasing after her couldn't hurt her if they tried. When they aimed their guns at her, she simply smiled and turned around.

The 3 men were shocked that what they saw was a living doll instead of a human girl.

Taking advantage of their surprise, Leonetta charged into one of them, kicking him straight across the alleyway. The other two she punched as well.

She felt someone land behind her, and she quickly roundhouse kicked them, only to have her foot grabbed by that person's hand.

Wait, she can grab her hand?

…Ninja?

The girl was able to stop Leonetta's kick. She wasn't particularly trying to kick hard, since these were humans, but this girl can stop her, which means…

…She's a Magical Girl.

"What are you doing?" asked the Ninja.

Crap. She can't be compromised like this. Leonetta quickly bolted away from the ninja and ran straight to a nearby clothing shop, breaking the glass window in the process.

Ripple followed the human doll.

A human doll?

Another Magical Girl? Who was she?

It didn't matter. She ran away when Ripple tried to ask her a question. That pissed her off. Ripple followed her into the department store.

It was dark, because it was closed for the day.

Around her were plenty of mannequins, but no signs of the girl.

Ripple sensed movement in the corner of her eye. She looked around, but all she saw were mannequins.

Slowly, Ripple ascended the stairs to the second floor. More mannequins on display.

Magical Girls had night vision, but there was no sign of the girl.

Suddenly, a mannequin moved in to attack, and Ripple fired her Shuriken at it. That mannequin just came to life.

Was this magic?

Crash

Ripple saw the doll girl moving towards the window and jumping towards the roof, crashing it open in the process.

So that girl's magic involved throwing Shuriken.

Perhaps it always hits their mark. Leonetta needed to test that magic. It didn't look like that girl was experienced though.

The way she moved, her reaction time, everything screamed amateur.

Leonetta was experienced. Leonetta had to kill before. She can take this girl on. If she's willing to chase her.

Leonetta looked behind her, and sure enough, the ninja ran towards her.

Time to have some fun.

Leonetta ran towards a shopping mall. If this ninja is stupid, she'll follow.

Looks like she's following!

The doll was too fast, but Ripple could still keep up. She dived into a mall, and Ripple followed in.

Landing from the skylight entrance, Ripple found herself in what seemed to be a toy shop.

It was dark, and the aisles were barely lit. In front of her, the doll girl was smiling, daring Ripple to come close.

It made her angry.

Ripple threw a shuriken at the girl, but immediately a stuffed bear jumped into the way. Ripple was surprised, but she was suddenly tackled by a variety of toy soldiers from the back.

These toy soldiers had toy knives, but when they stabbed into Ripple's legs, they felt real.

"I'm just getting started, ninja girl! Come at me if you wanna!" said the doll grinning.

Ripple was enraged, and she ran towards the girl, shaking off the toy soldiers trying to hold onto her.

As she turned the corner, a marionette doll jumped into her face. Several more used their strings quickly.

They tied her body as more toys and plushies jumped her and pinned her down.

Like the Liliputians from Gulliver's Travels, they all worked together to tie Ripple up to the floor. Ripple struggled and struggled, but it seemed like these strings were suddenly made for a Magical Girl.

More toy soldiers, WW1 models, stabbed their bayonets into Ripple's legs, sending sharp pain towards her.

Ripple reached for her Katana, and forcibly cut the wires, setting herself free to chase after that puppet girl.

Her body was filled with scars and scratches, but she could still move. The toys were easy enough to deal with, and it looks like the girl had moved away from the toy shop.

Ripple still had some marionette strings tied up to her, which she tried her best to ignore, as it was tying up her lower torso. Nothing preventing her from doing anything she needed to do.

She exited the store, and appeared in a large hallway. All around her appeared to be fast food restaurants.

She seems to be in a food court. At least there are no toys around here.

Where's the puppet girl?

She spotted movement in the shadows. Two people.

People? There's no one here.

Then the two 'people' showed themselves.

One was a completely white man in a suit and a moustache, from that chicken food chain.

The other was a yellow-suited clown with a red afro, from the other fast food chain.

What the hell?

The clown and the colonel double teamed Ripple. Ripple tried to hit them with her sword, but it only clashed against them.

These two fought with such ferocity that Ripple slowly became overpowered by their strength and speed.

Despite being from opposing companies, they surprisingly teamed up quite well.

Even then, mannequins, some properly dressed, some just blank faces, began pouring down at Ripple.

This is becoming rather useless.

Ripple had to retreat. There's no way she could win this fight like this. She had to find the girl, not fight her army.

Among the army of mannequins however, a small shadow darted through them.

Catching Ripple off-guard, she zoomed past her and swiped her claws, hitting Ripple's cheek, gashing it with a scar.

The stuffed toys from before were also going in waves.

Ripple was surrounded. She kicked and bashed the mannequins away, and tried to avoid the army of plushies trying to overwhelm her by clinging to her body.

Suddenly the doll girl appeared. Ripple didn't have time to block her attack. Instinctively, she blocked her stab with her left palm.

The claws of the doll girl went straight through Ripple's left hand, "Nggggrh!!!"

Pain shot through her, but she gritted her teeth. The fight's not over yet, and the doll girl was smiling.

Ripple grabbed her Katana with her right hand, and attempted to slice the girl, but she reacted fast, pulled back, and Ripple sliced thin air.

The momentum of the slice caught Ripple off-balance, and just then.

A group of mannequins was preparing to catapult a clump of dolls,

The mannequins were tying up the plushies and dolls together.

Finally, they shot a ball-like clump towards Ripple.

The impact of the clump of dolls sent Ripple flying, her body flung forward and twirled in the sky, as she landed crashed on a bench.

She opened her eyes and saw the girl waving goodbye to her.

No.

Ripple was angry.

Ripple was pissed off.

There were several benches near her. She grabbed a few, and with the force of a swing, she swung it over each entrance to the mall.

The throw managed to cause parts of the wall to crumble, blocking the exits from the inside.

The doll girl didn't give up. She merely jumped to the top floor, intending to use the skylight.

Ripple was getting tired, but she had a plan.

This ninja was truly an amateur if she can't handle a few dolls. What's she doing now?

Leonetta saw the ninja handle 10 Kunai. The ninja threw them in every direction, all of them homing towards Leonetta, ignoring the laws of physics.

Probably attempting to catch her by surprise. That won't work, her throw was too slow.

Leonetta timed it, and caught each of them.

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

7.

8.

And the other two seemed to land right in front of Leonetta. Mis-aim perhaps?

Either way, Leonetta threw the 8 Kunai away. What was the two kunai in front of Leonetta for, anyways?

Two of them had marionette strings tied to them.

Was she trying to trip Leonetta down to fall? That won't work. She'd need something to force her to trip.

Leonetta felt a sharp stab behind her body. A stray Shuriken caused her to stumble forward, and trip on the two kunai, sending her tumbling down to the floor.

Ripple took no chances. She ran straight for the girl and kicked her with all her strength, sending the girl flying outside the shop.

With her katana, Ripple charged at the girl.

The girl seemed panicked, and ran as fast as she can. There was an iron barbed fence nearby. There's no way the doll's climbing that.

But the doll girl didn't climb it. Instead, she jumped through it, keeping her arms and legs wide enough that her strength created a hole in her shape.

Ripple crashed through the fence as well, and she threw a Shuriken at the girl's legs, tripping her and making her fall.

Finally, Ripple has her on the ropes.

Angry, Ripple brought down her Katana to the girl, and the doll girl blocked it with her right forearm, which the Katana sliced deep into.

When Ripple lifted her sword, the girl's right forearm came off as well.

Ripple was ready to end it. She lifted her Katana again…

…Then she felt a sharp metal thing hug her from behind. Bearhugging her.

Before she could react, the girl kicked her hard in the stomach, blowing all the air from Ripple's lungs.

Groggy, Ripple could only look as a roundhouse kick from the doll girl immediately sent her flying towards the streets.

And then everything faded to darkness.

Leonetta had meant to trap the ninja.

She pretended to be scared and ran away because she knew that the ninja seemed to be reckless and in over her head.

Kind of like her a bit, but a more amateur version.

When Leonetta made the hole on the fence, she made sure it was humanoid shaped, so that the fence parts would rip apart and become similar to a humanoid.

That way, she can use her magic to make a makeshift ‘doll’.

Leonetta found her right forearm. The joints made it easy to reattach. As long as Leonetta wasn’t too mortally wounded, she would be fine, since she’s a puppet.

She was tired, though, but she took a look at the ninja, collapsed on the street.

No longer a ninja, however. She’d de-transformed back into an ordinary girl. Leonetta was ready to finish her off.

She extended her claws, and-

“Wait!”

A voice.

Leonetta looked back. An elegant looking woman was standing behind her. Leonetta couldn’t place her name, but her face seemed familiar.

For some reason, it made her scared.

It was an elf.

“I know that a battle usually ends in the winner killing an opponent. However, just this once, I need you to spare her.”

“Who the hell are you?”

“Who I am doesn’t matter. That girl is under my protection for the time being. Not all of the Magical Girls have been gathered, and we have a test to perform.”

Leonetta felt very strange at this elf, whoever she was. For some reason, she didn't want to defy her, for fear of what she'll do.

"She'll be safe, and you're free to leave. It's a good offer. I'm contacting her mentor now. Do feel free to visit whenever you like. You've deserve it at least, Leonetta," said the elf as she walked away.

Feeling a chill in her spine, Leonetta decided to leave the ninja girl alone, and just go back home.

Home. It had been so long, but Leonetta finally had some amount of money to her.

Her family was pretty rich, but a rich family always had dirty secrets.

It started with her father. He began loaning money, and accumulating a large amount of debt.

Her father had ties to the underground mob, due to his 'dirty work', and Leonetta as well, by association. That's why she always took jobs for them when she could.

She was a good gun for hire as a Magical Girl, and none of them questioned it. Since she was mostly hired through her employer.

All they knew was that she got the job done.

One day, perhaps it was her father, or maybe it was her, a job went wrong, and her father had to go to debt.

He was beaten, beaten until he was bloody, and there was nothing Leonetta could do to stop that.

If she interfered, they'll never stop tormenting him.

He owed the mafia money. There was no way for him to be able to legitimately get a job, since he was outed.

He still owed them money.

Leonetta needed that money. She got it now. At least part of it.

Every little bit counts in order to free her father from a life of crime and debt. It would be great if she can finally repay her father's sins.

Maybe today wasn't enough, but one day, she'll save her father.

Ripple woke up on Top Speed's broomstick.

"Wha…"

"You okay there, Ripple?"

"Tch… I'm fine…"

"You sure? I found you collapsed in front of a mall. You're lucky I picked you up when I did. There were police everywhere."

"Who told you?"

"Clamberry did."

"Oh… Did she tell you anything else?"

"Why, what happened? Lost a fight?"

"…No."

Ripple lost.

She was angry.

No one shall ever know.

The old man picked up his phone.

"Hey gramps, I got the money. I'm good. Gonna hide a bit from now on, you alright with that?"

“I’ll keep you safe, Leonetta.”

“Nice, alright. Can’t be on this line for too long.”

“Agreed. I have dinner with my granddaughter.”

“Yeah, well, you enjoy your dinner. See ya.”

Click.

Alone at last. The old man closed her phone. Facing him on the other side of the table, was a beautiful young girl. Blonde haired, just like he was before.

“Kanoe, what would you say to watching a movie? Or an Anime?”

“You’d like that, won’t you, grandfather?”

“Of course! What is it that you and Mamori are into these days? Magical Girls, was it?”

“Hmhm, is this on your bucket list?”

“I just want to spend time with my lovely granddaughter.”

“That’s a nice thought. Well, I’m quite a fan of them, yes. Mamori however, has been watching Magical Daisy since she was young, did you know?”

“Magical Daisy? Tell me about her! I’m curious.”

“Ah, you should ask Mamori. She won’t tell you, perhaps, but she still watches reruns to this day.”

“Ahaha, quite interesting.”

“Yes, well… There’s actually quite a *few* different Magical Girl shows these days.”

“Is that so? I thought they were a genre of their own.”

“More like a category. Some are aimed for children, some are comedic, some have a dash of romanticism, and recently, some have attempted to deconstruct the genre. Interesting stuff, really.”

“I think I’d like some romanticism. I’m a sucker for old stories.”

“Hmhm… I’d love to watch with you, Mamori, and maybe some others. It’s fun watching with your friends!”

“I look forward to it, Kanoe.”

The two looked at each other, and they smiled happily as they ate.

Memories of the Blue Magical Girl

This story is set 2 years after Magical Girl Raising Project: Restart

Me? Land of Magic?

Is this related to Magical Girls, perhaps?

EEEEH!?

Ah, sorry about that. It's just that, the announcement didn't really seem, y'know… '*Magical*'.

Ah! W-Wait, let me rephrase that!

I'm just a bit of a daydreamer, really. I thought if I was ever chosen, it'd be from a witch on a broomstick or something, or the letter just magically appeared in my doorstep, something like that, so I was just caught by surprise…

…Really sorry, didn't mean anything by it.

Eh? Huh? Um… Sure! I can do right now.

Yeah, I'm good for an interview.

Hm? Blue Comet? Yeah, I've met her before. It was… What was it, two years ago?

One… Two? Yeah, two years ago. Definitely remember it was two years ago. I had Finals stress when I met her.

I was in my third year of middle school, yeah.

You want me to tell everything? Um, okay, where should we talk?

Café Au Lait? Okay. I'll be there.

Where did we first meet? I think it was when I was biking home. I was a bit frustrated, kind of bored as well. I just finished studying up for a test too, so that didn't help out in any way.

Kinda wished something interesting would've happened. No matter how hard I was studying, my grades were falling. I kinda started to set my standards lower.

Then my bike broke down.

That's when she showed up I think.

I'd been pretty frustrated about the bike falling over. The chains were stuck to the wheels, and I had to fix it personally.

When I went over to handle it, I saw that it was stuck pretty badly down there.

Fixing it meant getting my hands black. Made my mood even worse that day.

But then I heard a voice from behind me. Cheerful, very lively.

"Yooooo there! Looks like you could use a little pick me up!"

Her costume came straight out of an Anime, or a Manga, or maybe a Light Novel.

Blue with gems on her chest, and had a huge cape, or a cloak or something on her as well.

Her dress was sleeveless, but she still had huge portions of her cuffs on her forearms covering her hands.

She also had a tail of some kind, like a white tiger, with black stripes. Come to think of it, her cloak was also designed like that.

She had short black hair, and she looked so beautiful. I can't explain it, it's just, everything about her looked beautiful. You can't be born with those features at all.

"Ah, I see the problem, your lil' chain here's a bit messed up! You need a fixer-upper, comin' riiight up!"

The girl went over and began messing with my bike's chains.

I noticed that she even had a sweet scent. Seriously, this girl shouldn't exist in real life, but she did. She's something out of a fantasy world.

…She also fixed my bike.

"Right! Good as new! Hope I didn't mess it up."

When I looked at it, she fixed it completely. Fast as well.

She offered her hand to me, she wanted to shake my hands, so I instinctively looked over at her palms.

They were black with oil.

I panicked, and I took out my handkerchief, but that's when I also realized that my hand was also black with oil too.

My handkerchief wasn't very useful afterwards, and I started panicking even more.

"S-Sorry for all the trouble! Thank you so much!"

"Ah, no problemo! Oh, and don't worry 'bout the hands. We can wash 'em. C'mere, I'll show ya!"

The girl took me to a nearby faucet.

She turned on the water and washed out the black oil from her hands. Pretty excitingly too.

Everything she did was exciting. Every action seemed like it was full of joy. Washing your hands should be a normal thing, but the girl did it with such enthusiasm.

"Oh right, almost forgot, gonna have to give you this!"

The girl gave me something wrapped in vinyl. It seemed uneven, I wasn't even sure what it was supposed to be.

I looked inside it, and it was a bunch of sweets and candy.

"Though, you mind if I take somethin' in exchange?"

"Huh?"

"Trade of items, y'know? Doesn't have to be anything to valuable. Just a nice trade is a-
"

When the girl spoke, her hands waved almost everywhere, like an animated cartoon character.

That's when she accidentally hit a nearby payphone pole. The payphone flew like a shotgun… Okay, I've never really seen a shotgun, but it flew *really fast*.

It hit the nearby building, causing a dent in it, which the payphone was stuck in.

"…Oooh… My bad, whoops," said the girl while biting her lip.

I was mesmerized instantly.

I felt like I was living in some kind of slapstick cartoon show. I was so curious about this girl. Why does she have these kinds of powers?

"Uh, excuse me, mind if I ask you something?" I asked

"Sure? What's up?"

"Are you…"

"Am I?"

"An Esper? Mutant? Spirit? Alien? Interdimensional traveler? Cyborg? Robot? Selector? God? Demigod? Experiment? Servant? Sorcerer? Fantasy Race? Shinigami?"

"Eh? Um…"

"Superhero? Space Monkey Warrior Race? Immortal? Awakened Being? Apostle? Avatar? Exorcist? Those That Came Before? Demon? Ninja? Magical Girl?"

"…How'd you know I was a Magical Girl?" muttered the girl

"AHA!!! SO YOU'RE A MAGICAL GIRL!?"

"AAAAAH, wait wait wait NONONO!"

"Please! If you could, could you tell me how! Please!? I won't tell anyone, I swear!"

"Uh… Ehehe… About that…. Well, y'see"

"It's a big secret right? I promise, I know how these kinds of stories work, I won't tell, honest! Honest!!!"

"Gah… Mmmmph…"

Eventually she relented.

I was so happy. I didn't think Magical Girls existed, but if they did, then I'd immediately be on my way into becoming one.

My real life was just full of stress and boredom, I'd much prefer a life of fantasy and magic.

Truth be told, I wouldn't mind if she answered any of those, I just wanted an escape at that time. I wanted to experience some excitement again.

"My name's Blue Comet."

"That's such a cool name…"

"Ehehe, thanks… It's really just a name."

She told me about her mentor, Lapis Lazuline. She said that her mentor was trying to teach her how to become a better Magical Girl.

The first lessons were in helping others, and to prove how active she is in helping others, her mentor asked her to collect items from people she helped.

The more valuable items she got from someone, the better her mentor would grade her.

That's why she wanted to trade with me.

I took out a fountain pen that I bought on New Year's Eve. It was about 5,000 Yen. It was probably the most expensive thing I bought there.

"Here, take this"

"Whoaa… you sure you wanna part with that? Looks pretty expensive to me."

"Yeah…"

"Alrighty! Thanks a bunch!"

When she reached for it, I then pulled the pen over to my chest.

"Wait, one condition…"

“Hm?”

“…Take me with you, please? Let me see everything you do. Teach me.”

At first, she was nervous, and would’ve refused. However, she seemed to be moved by my persistence. I admit, I felt a bit guilty doing that.

I was curious, and I really wanted to know what being a Magical Girl was like.

“Right, first thing’s first! What’s your name?”

“Um… Yatsumi… Haru Yatsumi.”

“Hmmm, what should I call you…”

“Haru’s fine.”

“No, no, hmm… Yatsumi… Yatsie? Oh, Yahtzee! But that’s your last name, so, that’s a bad idea… Haru… Haru-chi!”

“Wha?”

“If it ends with a ‘ru’, I add a ‘chi’. If it has an ‘l’, I add a ‘sie’! That kinda thing, y’know!”

“I don’t”

“Nicknames! It’s so much better than saying ‘-chan’ all the time.”

“Oh. I get it. Okay.”

Yep, she was definitely a strange girl. Still, she was an exciting person to be around.

The first thing we did was look for people who need help. She told me that some Magical Girls have more trouble than others when doing this.

It’s up to the Magical Girl to do the legwork of actually finding people that need help.

Some Magical Girls may have powers that can help them find people who are in danger, but Blue Comet's not one of them.

Still, it seems like she can always seem to find people regardless.

"You get a sense of danger every now and then. My Master always told me to pay close attention to every detail in your surroundings."

We came across two foreigners seemingly in trouble.

From their looks and appearance, they seem to be western. American probably, or European. I couldn't exactly tell.

I know they were speaking English though. I recognized only some words.

Blue Comet went up to them, then they had a small chat. Eventually, they started laughing and thanking her, and went on their way.

"What did they want?"

"They were lost. I told 'em how to get to the station."

"You know English?"

"Nope, but I know what they're trying to do. I kinda used a bit of what English I know, plus a map of the city."

"How'd you understand them if you don't know English?"

"Intuition!"

"Intuition? What does that mean?"

"Context! My Master always told me to look beyond the surface of things. Context, actions, gestures. Helps with communication, even if you don't understand what they're saying at all."

"Oh… really?"

"Even if they were speaking some made-up language, or if they said something nobody can understand, as long as they're actually saying something and not speaking

gibberish, gimme a few minutes with them, and I can probably guess what they're trying to say."

"You'd make a great translator."

"Aww, thanks!"

We kept helping people, with every little thing we did, Blue Comet explained more about the world of Magical Girls.

"So… is this how you look like in real life?" I asked.

"Hmm, nope! I've got red hair in real life."

"Really?"

"But don't worry, you can find me easily in real life! Though, some people say it's hard to figure out a Magical Girl's identity, it's not really that hard!"

"Can you show me?"

"Mmm, sorry, not now! But I can let you know how that's possible."

"How?"

"If you see a Magical Girl, take note of their facial features. Their nose shape, eyes, mouth. As a Magical Girl, they're perfectly positioned, so it gets a bit similar now and then, and you can eliminate the common things. With a human though, we've got a variety of different face styles and stuff, right?"

"Uh-huh"

"If you remember the shape of their eyes, their nose, their ears, just remodel and replace them a bit, then you kinda know what I mean, right?"

"I… guess?"

"Like a picture, if you turn it into a bunch of puzzle pieces, and you kinda slide it around a bit, you can still see the full picture right?"

"Hm, so is that how it works."

“Yeah, most people don’t realize it, though. Hehe.”

We went and helped some drunken people go back home. We found them at a karaoke place, starting to get cranky.

I’ve never been to a karaoke bar alone, or with friends.

The owner was pretty mad, but Comet convinced them that she can take it from here. She had fun with the guests, drank a bit, sang some songs, then brought them all home happy.

“Magical Girls can’t get drunk!”

“Really?”

“Yep! They can’t get poisoned either, their immune system is too strong for regular poisons!”

“Wow…”

“I can basically drink as much as I want without getting tipsy! Though… poison, alcohol, and anything made by magic might still work, so you still gotta be careful!”

“Are there any Magical Girls like that?”

“Oh, I’m sure there’s plenty!”

She explained that Magical Girls also have to learn to fight.

“Reflexes are important, but you gotta train your body so that you can move without thinking.”

“What does that mean?”

“My Master says that even if your body is broken, and your brain doesn’t work, or if you’re dying, you can still move if your willpower as a Magical Girl is strong enough, whatever that means.”

“Does that mean they’re invincible?”

“Mm, I don’t think so. I don’t really wanna think about that stuff, but there’s only so much that willpower can take you, y’know? It’s probably like second wind or something. That’s one of the few things that I still don’t get.”

The more I hear, the cooler it got.

I even tried to help people myself. I went to an elementary school kid, and I helped him out, even offering to trade some stuff.

He gave me a Shonen Manga action figure, a character eating some ramen.

I felt like I was doing what Blue Comet was doing.

Then we went somewhere else, when the time was around 10 PM. Blue Comet ran, and I struggled to keep up with my bike.

The place was some kind of abandoned warehouse.

“I saved someone a while back, I asked about the trade, and he told me that the trade will happen right here!”

A bald man came out. It seemed like he was bulky, and could crush me if he felt like it, though he seemed to be unarmed.

Blue Comet went straight towards him.

“You’re the Magical Girl?” said the man.

“Yep! The one from earlier!”

“You’re here for the trade?”

“Yeah!”

“Well… It’s a little earlier than we agreed upon way back then, but you saved me from those guys earlier, so it’s okay, I guess. I gotta say, you don’t look like what they told me at all.”

“They told you about me?”

“Yeah, they said a Magical Girl in a blue dress will come to get the trade, but they told me she had red hair and looked like a doll.”

“A doll?”

“Like a puppet. A wooden doll, and everything. I guess they just meant *doll* as in the *pretty* kinda doll.”

“Well… I’m dressed in blue, but I’m not a puppet, I think?”

“Well, here’s the item. The Mermaid’s Tear, just like we agreed.”

“WHOAAA, A gem!?”

“Yep. Deal’s done.”

“Thanks a bunch!”

“Don’t worry, my boss is paying me for this. You stay safe now, and thank you. I know it’s a dangerous world where you work in.”

“Not a problem!”

I breathed easy knowing that I won’t die that night.

It got late, and Blue Comet invited me over to a restaurant to eat. It was fun, but we had to part ways.

I’ll always remember her. I haven’t had so much fun since then. Never encountered another Magical Girl at all… well, until now I guess.

I passed my exams, got accepted into a good school.

Blue Comet’s enthusiasm rubbed off on me, I guess.

It’s still amazing you know, how it all happened. Can’t believe it’s been 2 years since then. Wonder where she is now.

Huh?

No, I don’t have a boyfriend.

Not really, my parents don't know about the story too.

Huh…

…Wha…

…What was…

What story? I don't… I don't… know what story…

…I can't remember… Wha…

….What was I talking about?

Gray hair, green jacket, an elderly woman, sitting in front of a table. In front of her was Haru Yatsumi, still confused, eyes glazed.

They sat near the window.

Outside, a girl with a school uniform, with bright dazzling eyes, stretched out her arms.

The elderly woman walked out of the Café, and walked towards the girl.

"Is it done?" she asked.

"Master… you sure about this?"

"Of course, I'm sure. Tell me, is it done?"

"All her memories of Blue Comet have been erased, yes."

"Good. Let's go."

The school uniform girl looked at Haru. Haru's eyes seemed confused, looking down, alone. Sad. Like she lost something dear to her.

"Master… I don't know about this."

"Why the concern?"

“She just seems… I don’t know, it just doesn’t feel right.”

“The blame is on Blue Comet. She was supposed to succeed me, but she broke rules. She told a human everything about a Magical Girl, and we’re lucky we got to her before the Land of Magic did.”

“I guess…”

“This affects you too. You’re going to be the third Lazuline, we can’t have the mistakes of the second Lazuline tarnish that. The Land of Magic can’t be investigating too deeply into me, understand.”

“…Understood.”

“Good. Besides, even if people forget about Blue Comet, you still have all those memories of her, don’t you? She still lives on that way, so don’t be too concerned.”

Master and student walked away to the shopping center.

Inside, the third Lazuline was conflicted,

She wants me to erase the memories of the second… But I’ll still remember her, all these memories of her…

…The Blue Magical Girl

These are good memories. I’ll keep them safe.

Clantail and Friends

This story is set a few months after Magical Girl Raising Project: Restart

Nene Ono had just finished taking a nice cold shower. It was the middle of the evening, and she was drying her hair.

At the same time, she was looking at her Magical Phone.

She'd received texts from the Land of Magic recently. She usually ignores them, but she wanted to keep her mind busy.

It was a survey, or a form, or something like that. She didn't quite know.

The form asked people to fill out their basic data, both human and Magical Girl forms. Nene decided to give it a shot.

She filled out her name, age, gender, height…

Height…

Well, she knew her human height, but what should she fill out for her Magical Girl height?

She can transform her lower body to any animal, which means she had a variable height. She could just enter the tallest height she can achieve, with a giraffe probably.

Maybe she should enter her deer form height?

"Nene! Are you done showering? Dinner's ready!"

"Um, yeah! I'm coming!"

Nene decided to enter down her deer form's height.

Next categories.

Hobbies?

What was Nene's hobby?

Animals… Nene loved animals. Nene wanted to be a Zoologist one day. Nene has always been interested in animals.

Of course, she loved common animals like cats and dogs. The pets that people tend to have.

She also loved exotic animals, such as lions, wolves, deer.

She even loved the ones people would avoid or kill on sight. Spiders, rats, roaches.

None of them posed threats. They just needed to be understood properly. Once you understand how they behave, it's easy to befriend them.

The truth is, Nene had a hard time socializing with people.

With animals, Nene knew how they behaved, and how they would react when she did something.

She knew where to stroke a house cat to make it happy.

She loved the subtle differences between species. Such as the difference between a wolf spider, the huntsman spider, and the brown recluse.

Every species, every animal, Nene studied, and she knew how to act, how to react, how to handle them.

People, however… were different.

Wildly different.

Even with her parents, Nene often disagreed with many things. Once she thought she figured them out, she was proven wrong again.

People change. People are varied. People can be chaotic.

This comedian's not very funny y'know?

I thought he was funny.

This actress is gorgeous!

She looks… okay, I guess.

So many different opinions, so many different things to think about at once. Nene preferred hanging out with animals.

And differing opinions lead to arguments. Nene hated arguments. It made her head spin whenever she hears people argue, and she never wants to argue at all, either.

She was never forced into a situation where she had to be around people for a long time, but then.

Then she made her first friends…

…That game.

She met three other girls. Girls like her.

Magical Girls.

For some reason or another, they voted her as the leader. What was she supposed to do as a leader?

What's a leader supposed to do anyway?

A pack leader protects her pack, so she tried to protect them.

She studied great leaders in history. They seemed to be very well-mannered, and didn't speak unless they had something important to say.

And so, Nene was often quiet in her group.

But she was also quiet because she didn't really know what to say.

Two people in her group kept fighting. Nene always managed to break them up. Due to her lack of experience, she couldn't help them bond.

Until…

Pechika.

Pechika cooked the most delicious food. It made Nene so happy. It made the other two happy too.

Seeing Leonetta, seeing Miyokata, seeing them happy.

Everyone was bonding together. Nene couldn't break face, but she was happy too. She was glad that everyone was getting along.

If it weren't for the killings, she could honestly call them…

…Her friends.

Nene smiled.

What would they say if they were here now?

Pechika would probably say something like,

"Hey, are you going to eat soon? Your food's not gonna wait for you!"

She wouldn't be scared. Not in a situation like this.

Then Leonetta would come in, Nene imagined she'd probably be busy with something,

"Hang on a bit, I'm in the middle of something, here!"

Then Miyokata would burst out laughing, with her funny foreign accent,

"HAHAHAHA! Ohh you wonderful doll you! Always busy with the little things, hmm?"

Leonetta would turn around and get angry,

"Ahaha… yeah… and you wouldn't be able to pay attention to the little things at all"

Miyokata would get mad,

"E-Excuse me!!! At least I can actually socialize with friends, like Pechika!"

Leonetta would then reply with sarcasm, and probably her tongue out,

"Mhmm, suuure you can… Everyone knows Pechika has good taste in people… so she'd obviously be close with me, not you"

Pechika would nervously giggle,

"Uhh, Ehehe, how bout we all just have some nice dinner?"

Nene looked in the mirror.

There were tears streaming down her face.

She wiped them off, and she began crying silently. She missed them.

Her friends.

She missed them so much.

Nene was sure, if they all survived, that they would be happy hanging out together. Nene wished she had done more.

She wished she had talked to them more.

Nene wanted to redo it all…

…She wanted her friends back.

“Nene!”

“Y-Yeah, mom?”

“You okay up there? What’s taking so long?”

“Nothing, I’m coming down soon”

“Okay, dinner’s getting cold!”

“Yeah… Yeah…”

Nene took a deep breath.

It’s time to move on. Pechika would want her to move on. She’d want Nene to be happy with her life. That’s why Nene took on cooking.

Leonetta would want Nene to move on. She’s always stubborn, and she wouldn’t let something like this hinder her.

Miyokata would want Nene to move on too. She’d be there in spirit, always happy, always laughing.

And besides…

…Nene has new friends now too.

She's become a bit more sociable at school, cooking food in order to break the ice, and try and befriend new people.

It seemed to work. Pechika was on to something.

Also, she has Shadow Gale and Pfle.

They were her friends, too.

She visits them sometimes. Their manor is pretty far away, and they're in High School, while Nene herself is still a Middle Schooler.

Still, the age gap didn't matter. Whenever she had a chance, she was always welcome in the Hitokouji household.

Her Magical Phone rang.

Speaking of Shadow Gale.

Nene picked up the phone. Shadow Gale was on the other end.

"Hello?" said Nene.

"Can I come over and stay at your place for a couple of days?"

No greetings, she just went straight for the question. She wasn't even speaking in her usual calm tone. She's speaking like an average person.

Most of the time, Shadow Gale was quiet.

When Nene first saw her, she seemed angry, distant, and always protective of Pfle.

After the games, and spending time, Nene realized she was only polite and not as talkative around people she didn't trust. With Pfle, she was polite due to her loyalty.

Around Nene, and sometimes talked just like your average schoolgirl.

"What's the rush?" asked Nene.

“UGGGHHH, she did it *again*! She’s so *impossible*!”

“Who?”

“You know who! Can you believe her? I woke up this morning, everything was perfectly *fine*! Then I go to school, and then people were laughing at me, right? I had no idea what was going on. I just assumed, ‘oh wow, people are people’ y’know?”

She was talking quite fast. She must be angry. Was this Pfle’s doing?

“I went to the bathroom, I looked in the mirror… There were drawings… on my *face*! I had glasses drawings, cat whiskers… I don’t even know, then on my forehead, ‘Mamori the ditzy girl’ in whole black marker, can you *believe* her!? God, I swear… Kanoe… She must’ve drawn it when I was asleep, too…”

Shadow Gale was passionate about this. Nene guessed she got pranked by Pfle again. Pfle loved doing that, apparently. Pranking Shadow Gale.

Shadow Gale continued on,

“I talked to her about it and she just went ‘Oh Mamori, I have no idea what you’re talking about ehehehehehehe’, that *BITCH!*”

Oh.

Shadow Gale gasped.

“Oooh my god, I hope she didn’t hear that. Argh, I can’t do this, I gotta… I gotta just leave the house for a couple of days. I swear, she’s just such… she can be so… NGGH!”

“You can stay if you want.”

“Really!? I’ll make it up to you! I’ve got money, I’ll buy you food and everything, Nene! Oh my gosh, thank you!”

“Of course. That’s what friends are for.”

“Whew, that’ll teach her. A couple days without me, she’ll be begging for me to come back. Listen… sorry for ranting a bit. You’re really the only one I can talk to about these things.”

“Really?” asked Nene.

She was shocked. She always thought Shadow Gale was close to Pfle and can talk to this with her.

“Kanoe’s nice, and I’d give my life for her, but you’re also a good friend, Nene. Honestly, I feel like I can be a bit of myself with you. Kanoe did tell me to be a bit more… free, I guess?”

“Oh… well, thanks.”

“Cheesy, I know. I’m not used to just… being me. Anyways, I’ve got my stuff ready. Your parents are okay with this?”

“They’ll be fine with it.”

“Great, thanks so much!”

The phone went off.

Nene smiled.

Shadow Gale and Pfle are really close. They really are made for each other. They were just kind of like Leonetta and Miyokata too. No matter what they say, Nene could feel their bond.

But Nene was glad that they were her friends too.

Nene didn’t want any of her friends to separate from each other.

She went downstairs, and ate with her mother.

She told her that a friend was going to sleep over for a few days.

Her mother was glad for her. She could tell she was happy that her daughter is making so many friends.

A few minutes afterwards, a doorbell rang. Her mother was curious, and when she opened the door to see a high school girl, she was shocked.

“Hello. My name is Mamori Totoyama. I’m a friend of Nene’s,” said Shadow Gale, bowing down to Nene’s mother.

“Nene, you didn’t tell me your friend was a high schooler!”

“Yeah, she is. We know each other, don’t worry,” said Nene.

“You do? How’d you meet?”

“An online game. We played it and Nene and I met there. We became friends ever since,” said Shadow Gale.

“Oh, that’s sweet.”

“I’m really sorry for barging in like this,” said Shadow Gale.

“Oh, it’s fine! Stay as long as you want. I’m glad Nene has friends in a lot of places,” said her mom chuckling.

“Yeah. She’s a good girl,” said Shadow Gale with a smile.

Nene was happy.

“Hey, I learned a new recipe a few days ago. I can make it for breakfast if you’d like, tomorrow?” asked Nene.

“Sure, go for it!” said Shadow Gale.

Nene was very happy.

She had lots of friends.

This is what her team would’ve wanted.

She’ll continue to live on. For them. For their legacy.

For her friends now, and her friends in the future.